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FAIRY

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REAL DOG



ESTHER M. BAXENDALE

PRINCESS SERIES

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Fairy.

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F A I R Y

The Autobiography of a Real Dog

By

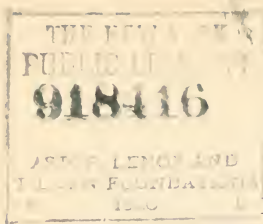
ESTHER M. BAXENDALE

Illustrated by

ETHELDRED B. BARRY



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Third Impression, May, 1907

To

Those loving household pets,

Flossie,

Baby,

Fairy,

*Who have made life sweeter, brighter, and
better for me, and*

to all of their race, the world over, would

I sincerely inscribe these true stories,

drawn from their gentle lives,

and

commend them to the Little

Children whom they

loved.

P R E F A C E

THIS autobiography of Fairy was undertaken as a labor of love and remembrance for her beautiful life, which she lived among us with such sweetness and grace that it has lain upon my conscience to tell her story to the children, that it may move them to a closer observance of, and a greater compassion toward, all dumb animals, so mutely dependent upon their sympathies.

And in all little Fairy's experiences, as well as those of other dogs which she cites, I have not allowed myself to depart from the truth; my whole motive has been to so conscientiously mirror her loving life of thirteen years, that all my readers may know and feel that they are perusing true annals.

I am deeply indebted to many of our noblest poets for the stanzas I have so freely drawn upon; and especially am I indebted to the author of the poem dedicated to the closing scene of that gentle life,—“Fairy's Requiem.”

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Fairy: The Autobiography of a Real Dog

CHAPTER I

“ Ah me! from this small, dumb, obedient brute,
One lesson's plain;
He gives me all he has — his changeless love,
My own to gain!
His tongue can't tell a lie, nor can his heart
Deceitful be;
That's why our friendship close and closer binds
My dog and me! ”

J. REDDIE MALLET.

IMOGENE, what do you think of this
for a birthday present?”

My new master stood me proudly
down in the midst of the lively group, in
the big family sitting-room.

The lady addressed, a fair, golden-haired
young woman, was trying to put a little
chubby, sweet-looking baby, with pink
fingers and toes, down on the carpet too,
but he held up his little dimpled hands and
made up a pitiful face every time she tried
to take her hands away.

YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

“Oh, dear, dear — whatever shall I do!” mother Golden-Hair was just exclaiming to herself as the master came through the door with me. She looked despairingly from the baby to another sturdy little fellow who could barely toddle, and who, clutching at the lace edge of the table-cover, brought a china vase and her well-filled work-basket all down with a crash, while the toddler, buried beneath, added his lusty voice to the swelling chorus, and the two saucy little black-and-tans we had passed on the lawn came yapping through the veranda door, and chased the rolling spools and balls about the floor, tangling the silks and delicate laces.

I wriggled my little tail and my little self all over, at being thus presented, even at this unlucky moment, and kissed the crying baby on his sweet pink toes, but he only screamed the more; and my heart gave a great thump, then almost stood still, as mother Golden-Hair turned hastily around with flushed cheeks and her big blue eyes full of tears and cried out at sight of me:

“O, John, how could you do such a thing as to bring me home another *puppy*?

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Here I am, almost distracted with babies and dogs already; but that's just like a man!"

"And it's just like a woman to be ungrateful when a man's spent his money to try to please her; and never get so much as 'thank you' for it. There are plenty who would be glad enough to get such a beautiful little creature, and you ought to be!" retorted my new master, disappointed at my reception, while I stood trembling at sound of their voices and felt I was unwelcome.

I looked appealingly to him, and wagged my slender tail feebly and timorously now. He had called me a 'beautiful little creature'; others had called me so before, with a note of pity in their voices, and I wondered why. Oh, how I wished I could run away, back to my own dear mamma, if I could only find her — for here I stood rejected.

But mother Golden-Hair was kind and tender at heart; she dearly loved her babies and her husband and the little black-and-tans, Pansy and Skippum. She would soon have loved me, only, poor, tired young mother, in a world of fret and fuss and

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fashion, she was utterly wearied and confused, and couldn't see her way clear that moment to properly love or care for another little live thing.

My young master half realized this, in his man's way, as he looked at his pretty girl wife, and began to relent; so he said more kindly, while I listened, looking anxiously from one to the other:

"Well, Imogene, don't feel so distressed about it. I know you are over-taxed, but what are we to do with the little thing? I am not going to take her back, that's certain!" My heart sank; I would never see my sweet mamma again.

"Can I do what I please with her?" asked Golden-Hair, wiping away her tears.

"Yes, yes; do what you will with her, only remember that it will be some time before I shall try to bring you another present!" but he accompanied his words with a forgiving smile.

I wondered what would become of me next, when the young mistress arose resolutely, and throwing a bright shawl around her girlish figure, took me under her arm, dangling my slender length adown her side,

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and walked out of the cottage, across the lawn, to the big white house next door.

The great white house sat back from the street, and shrubs and vines gave it a homelike air.

Ting-a-ling-ling! I heard the bell ring inside the hall, as the young woman laid her hand on the bell-pull with an air of nervous decision. How much that call meant for my weal or woe I knew when I was older and wiser.

I heard a quick, light step, and the door opened; a large, fair lady stood before us, with red cheeks, and blue eyes that looked kindly down upon me, as I kicked and wriggled, in my haste to enter; she was dressed in blue, the first color I learned to know and love, for they called it my color; she smiled, and said in a neighborly way:

“Come in, Imogene! Where did you get that lovely little creature?”

I was happy at sound of her voice, which was low-keyed and soothing, and I tried to reach over to kiss her plump little hand, as it rested on the door. There was a jeweled ring on the third finger, with a deep blue stone, set around with white, shining ones

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that sparkled like dew-drops; I could just reach the ring with my long, slim tongue, and kissed it.

“Oh, no, Stella,” answered the young woman, “I can’t come in, — I have left the babies in the middle of the floor, — there’s no knowing what they’ll get into next, — and what do you suppose I have come for?”

“I don’t know, I am sure — something I can do for you, I hope,” and Stella laughed — a comforting little laugh, as she caught the note of weariness in the young mother’s voice.

“Well, John Wakeman has brought home this poor little puppy, and I am half distracted already, with two babies that can’t walk, two black-and-tans, and two girls in the kitchen, who refuse point-blank to be bothered with anything, and I expect every day will go and leave me! And Stella, I’ve come to see if you’ll not take this little thing as a gift; she is really a very rare and valuable dog. I know you’ll be kind to her, and since you have lost Flossie, and given up that little runaway Babe of yours, I thought you might be glad to have her!”

Golden-hair caught a long, anxious breath,

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as the lady's face grew serious, and she answered:

"Why, Imogene, I have said, over and over, that I must not learn to love another dog. I am not situated to — I have to go to an office; and then, worst of all, it is such a terrible thing to learn to love them, and then have to part with them!"

All this time I was squirming, and reaching out, and kissing the ring; her voice woke love in my heart, and I began to whimper and struggle to get to her. I had not learned words enough to understand all she said, but I knew she loved and pitied every poor little helpless thing, like me.

"O Stella, do take her! you haven't got a chick nor a child, and you'll take lots of comfort with her, I know you will — and it'll be such a relief to me!"

"Well, Imogene, I'll tell you what I will do," said the lady, with a business air. "I will take the little creature, and keep her for you a couple of weeks, till you get rested and straightened out, and then you'll want her back again; we will leave it that way."

And she reached out her plump arms, and I scrambled up on her broad bosom, hoping,

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praying, it might be for always, — for my little heart ached with not being wanted, and nowhere to go, and I hoped no little pink-footed, human babies ever had to feel so!

“Thank you ever so much, Stella, but you can be sure I shall not come after her,” came back the flying answer, as Mrs. Wakeman ran hastily down the steps and across the lawn, as though in fear of my non-acceptance, under broken conditions.

My foster mother laughed to herself, closed the door and lightly climbed the stairs with me to her chamber, big and sunny, with a bower of green plants and their bright, cheery blossoms in the bay. I could feel the firm, even beating of her heart beneath my little body, and I clung closer and eagerly kissed her rosy cheek and poked my long, pointed nose into her soft brown hair.

She sat down with me in the rocker, and, holding me off, she looked a long time into my big brown eyes. I could not speak a single word with my little tongue, but I tried to speak out of the depths of my shining eyes, and tell her that God had made me to love and comfort his poor people!

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I tried so hard to speak, it seemed as though my very soul was in my eyes, and she must have understood, for she gathered me back to her breast again, and said to herself, not firmly, but half as though she were praying, "I must not, must not, learn to love you!"

But I said in my little fluttering heart, "You shall learn to love me, unless you are made of stone." And I knew she was not, better than any big man could know, because God gives us poor little dogs the power to look right in at people's souls in a twinkling.

"Those wistful, dark, inquiring eyes,
So fond and watchful, deep and true,
What makes the thought so often rise —
What looks those crystal windows through?"

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

Just then a gentleman came in to the hall below, and, as he laid by his coat and hat, he hummed in a rich tenor voice:

"Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away!" —

I had never heard any singing before, though I learned to love it afterward, — and

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I pricked up my ears, for I knew the word "dog," and knew he was singing about us little four-footed folks.

In a moment he called, "Are you up there, mother?"

"Y-e-s!" said the lady thus addressed and sought for, although she was his wife, and, with a little mischievous titter, she tiptoed, with me in her arms, to the top of the stairs, and stood me there. Then she drew back hastily, so that as he glanced up he saw me alone, in the dim crimson light of the hall, my slim tail fairly wagging my slender body, my great dark eyes searching his, and my red tongue kissing at him through my pearly teeth, while my little feet beat a tattoo.

"Well, I'll be jinged!" he said, and stopped short; then advanced laughing, and playfully pinching at my slender nose as he came up the stairs. I backed away into the sunny chamber, and the gentleman followed, looking in astonishment from my dancing, fawn-like antics to the lady's face.

"What does this mean, Stella?"

"It means we've had a present," said the lady, and she told how and why I had

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come upon the scene, but she added, rather irresolutely:

“I have only agreed to keep her a couple of weeks; I told Imogene that she would feel better about it and want her back again by that time, — we must not learn to love another dog!”

“No, no, — we must not,” responded the florid gentleman, for now I could see him in the sunlight. He was rather stout, with a good-natured face, and I thought he and the lady looked much alike. As he spoke, he looked toward a picture, framed in blue plush and silver, of a lovely, snow-white creature, with long silky curls and big black eyes, — I wondered if this could be Flossie? Then something told me there was a little lonely spot in their hearts, and I said to myself, “I will fit into that lonely spot and cheer them, by hook or by crook.” So I plucked up my courage, made a flying leap into the lady’s arms, gave her a dainty kiss on the cheek, and flew away again. And while the gentleman was laughing, I sprang on his knee and gave him another, leaping away as his mustache brushed my delicate nose. I waltzed about on my hind feet, and

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turned somersaults; I jumped on the great white bed and ran around in a circle, like a fawn-and-white whirlwind, and shook down the starched linen shams; I grabbed a ball of blue worsted from the table, and shook it, and tossed it, and laid it at his feet; and when he stooped to give it a throw for me, I saluted him on the tip of the nose, and scuttled away after the ball, to the farther end of the room adjoining, and was back in a twinkling, fetching the ball for him to throw again, till they both laughed gaily.

“Well, mother, I guess you’ll have a time of it in the next two weeks, but we must go to dinner.”

So I could see I had broken the ice, and brought a ripple of sunshine into their home. I followed gaily, carrying the ball, batting it ahead of me with my little fore feet. I would play it was a mouse, and rush upon it, and grab it and shake it, though in my heart I would not harm a living thing.

“What shall we call her?” said the gentleman.

“Let us call her Fairy,” answered the lady, — “she is so graceful and airy. See, her little limbs are almost transparent when

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she is between one and the light, and she dances like a little sprite.”

“Or else Starlight, for her beautiful soft eyes; or little Sweetheart, she is so loving,” suggested the gentleman. I knew they were talking about me, so I paused and pricked up my delicately veined ears, my right foot poised in air, and looked from one to the other, with my great questioning eyes.

“They are all sweet names, and fit her well, but some way I like Fairy best; it is musical and easily called, and again there is something so ethereal about her. Maybe she will prove our little good genius — who knows!”

“Well, Fairy shall be her name then — but I thought we were not going to keep her?” laughed the gentleman.

“I shall leave that to you at the end of the two weeks,” responded the lady, with a true woman’s tact for paving the way smoothly.

“Fairy,—Fairy,—Fairy-Moo-oon-light!” hummed the gentleman, to the sweetest little tune, fixing his eyes on mine, and I understood from that moment that my name was Fairy-Moonlight, and in all the years to

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come, when they sang that sweet little refrain to me, I fairly bubbled over with delight, for I thought the song was all about me. But then I sprang up and stuck my little cold nose into his ear, as he paused to pet me, and tousled his brown hair, which curled slightly. I sniffed and sneezed at the lingering smell of cigar smoke in it, which I could never quite learn to like, so I sprang away, and went around the room again, like a flying-squirrel.

Just then I discovered a wooden spool, under the corner of the green wire flower-stand, which had been filled with potted plants, to cheer the winter dining-room. Bridget, the maid, had been rolling the overloaded stand around that she might sweep, that very morning, and broken out one porcelain castor by her careless proceeding; so as a substitute for her mischief, which she did not tell to her mistress, she had barely wedged the spool under, to block up the corner, saying, as she afterward confessed:

“Be gorra, ’tis jist as good as new!”

My little back teeth were just peeping through the gums, and felt just like biting some hard, wooden thing, so I turned my

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attention to this spool, and twisted and pulled away upon it. The gentleman and lady had seated themselves at the table, and were looking across at each other, and talking about it being the seventeenth anniversary of their wedding-day. I was listening, but could not well understand such big words.

“But we feel just as young as we ever did,” said the cheery gentleman. “I don’t feel a day over twenty-five!” Just then, I pulled the spool from under the corner of the flower-stand —

Slam-bang! Crash! over went the great wire stand; the flower-pots flew off; and rolled, some of them, clear under the dinner-table.

But before the pots stopped rolling I scampered away, like a little race-horse, back to the lady’s room, cleared the floor with a bound, and dove between the embroidered shams, under the blankets, to the very foot of the big soft bed, which ever after was my ark of refuge. The bedstead had a great shining top, with a raised round panel of the burlled walnut, and carved urns at either side; and here the lady found me,

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a little hiding, trembling culprit, after the wreck was cleared away, and the dinner was over.

“Poor little thing, she wasn’t so much to blame,” I heard her say. “I knew in a moment, when I saw that gnawed spool, just what Bridget had been up to; isn’t it strange: some girls have no sense, nor mechanism, — but after all there were only two pots broken.” So as she found me, a little trembling heap, in the middle of the big bed, she left me, and because she did not punish me, but let me lie there, snug and warm, I fled there ever after, as my castle of defence.

CHAPTER II

“ To make me smile and notice him, he’ll strive
By all he can ;
Where should I find more tender sympathy
In any man ? ”

J. REDDIE MALLET.

MY sins of ignorance for the two weeks to come were many; my little new teeth ached and grumbled, and I seemed to crave something to gnaw and chew upon. A cunning little basket, that had belonged first to Flossie and then to his saucy successor, Babe, and whose wicker bore the marks of many little rasping teeth, was brought forth, with a soft new downy cushion, for my benefit, and into it, as soon as my foster mother’s back was turned, I dragged many a dainty slipper and glove, — for I especially loved what she had worn, — as well as many a pencil, and spools of thread without number.

When all were gone to church one winter morning, the door was left ajar to mamma’s

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dressing-room, and I ventured in, and found a lovely black fur muff, that she used sometimes to keep her hands warm. I carried it gleefully into my basket, and lay down, with my little paws inside it, same as I had seen mamma hold it. But the long fur tickled my nose, so I nipped at it and pulled out tuft after tuft till I got tired. Then I went again to the dressing-room, and discovered a green velvet hat, adorned with a beautiful green-and-gold breast, that some happy bird had worn sometime over his singing heart, and a dainty little bonnet, trimmed with costly aigrettes. I had heard mamma say that very morning, while she was dressing:

“I bought this lovely breast, and these aigrettes, before I knew or even dreamed how cruelly they were torn from the live mother-bird by their pitiless hunters, in nesting time, and the little ones left to starve and die, and I shall never wear them again, nor buy any more. I am only one among thousands, but if every woman would say the same, this terrible traffic in gentle lives would come to an end!”

So I tossed the green velvet hat high in air; I plucked out mouthful after mouthful

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of the golden-green feathers, and they floated over the room. Then I took the neat little bonnet in hand, and chewed off all the offending aigrettes, and put the relics of both hat and bonnet

among the treasures in my basket. I

rummaged

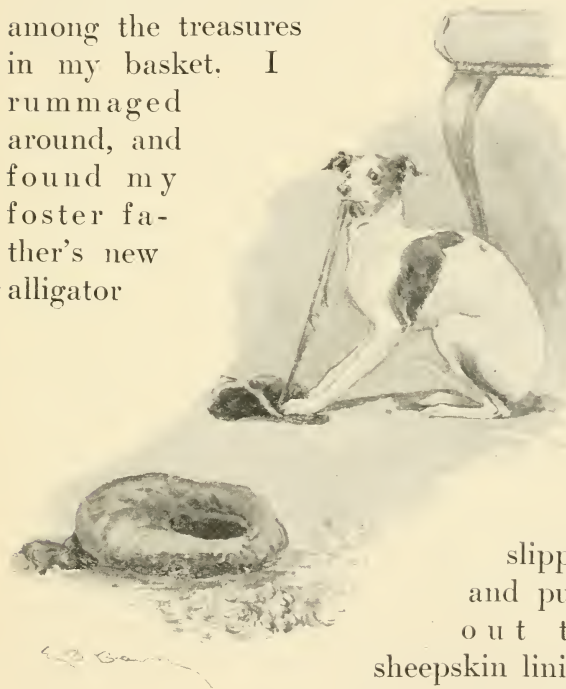
around, and

found my

foster fa-

ther's new

alligator



slippers,

and pulled

out the

sheepskin linings,

and chewed them

down at the heel, and was smacking my little lips over them, when I heard the rustle of mamma's dress on the stairs.

YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

She came and stood over me, looking down on the ruin I had wrought, very stern and stately, in her silken gown and embroidered cloak, all in black.

“Oh, Fairy, Fairy!” she exclaimed reproachfully, “I shall have to punish you now, for your own good!”

And taking a slender little bamboo cane, which had a small ivory boot on top for a handle, she held up the ruined relics of my sport to my trembling gaze, and gave me a few little stinging blows with the slender part of the cane, as I cowered under the protecting arch of the basket. I remember now how the jet beads on her embroidered cloak shook and glistened as she raised her plump gloved hand to punish me. And I never loved to see her in that cloak again. She went and took it off, and the rustling gown, and came back in the soft blue dress she wore when first I saw her, and picking me up from my basket, she gathered me to her breast, and rocked and soothed me, for I shook with grief and fear, and my breath came and went in little quivering sobs.

“I am afraid you will spoil it all, with babying her so much, mother; really we

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can't stand such expensive mischief — it costs more money than a little to have such goings on as this. If Imogene doesn't seem to have any notion of taking her back, you had better let the grocer have her," said the gentleman. "You know you were telling me that the doctor had advised him to have a little puppy to sleep with his little girl, who isn't very strong, and he seems very anxious to have this one."

"Well," said mother, with her usual woman's tact again, "I told the grocer that the matter could not be decided till the end of this week, and you can see then how you feel about giving her up."

I stopped sobbing, and listened with quaking heart. Oh, how I longed to be good enough to merit approval; how I wished I knew how to be; but I was only a poor little puppy, and did not know what the words "cost," and "money," meant, — no more than the little people do, when they break and mar what has cost time and effort, — but I knew they were talking about me in low and serious tones.

I shivered at thought of being thrust away again from those soft, loving arms, even

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though they had administered punishment; but mamma never had cause to punish me again, for that very evening her friend Mrs. Q—— called, and the conversation naturally turned on me, — how beautiful I was, — but oh! the tribulations and trials of my mischief!

“I don’t believe it does one bit of good to whip her,” said mamma; “she just seemed to think it was some severe humor that the wearing of my black cloak had put me into, for the little sensitive thing shudders and looks askance at sight of it now.”

“No, indeed,” answered Mrs. Q——, “I never whipped my lovely King Charlie when he was a puppy; his little teeth ached, same as hers do, so I just gave him some things for his very own to play with and have in his basket, — an old slipper, among the rest, to bite and pull on.”

“That’s a good, sensible idea, and Aleck, I wish you would get little Fairy a nice new rubber ring and ball to-morrow morning; and I shall let her have that fur muff she seems to love so, right in her basket.”

So the hard rubber ring, and nice new ball, that would bounce and roll, were

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brought home to me the very next day, and I would amuse myself for hours together with them, and mamma said I was growing to be her "little loving lady."

I stopped nibbling the pins out of her hair, to let it fall in bright brown waves over her shoulders, and snatching the spectacles off papa's nose, and pulling the linings out of his hats. I would spring on his lap, as soon as the evening lamp was lighted, and snuggle my little head up on his breast, between him and the newspaper while he read, and lie blinking up at him for hours, with those deep golden-brown eyes of mine, which mamma said grew bigger and more beautiful every day.

"And you can almost see her little forehead grow full and high, above her eyes and between her ears — she is going to be full of love and intelligence!" she would add. Still, I had lots of baby ways. When I lay down at night, I always wanted papa's hand to hold between my little paws, and would kiss it all over, inside and out, I missed my fawn-and-white mamma so; and when I got tired, I would lay my little chin in the hollow of his hand, and go to sleep.

CHAPTER III

“ONE plank, when the ship was sinking
In a wild and stormy sea,
One star, when the sky was darkened,
Was the love of my dog to me.
A star that will shine no longer,
A plank that has missed my hand,
And the ship may sail on or founder —
No watcher is on the strand!”

MARY FRANCIS.

THE next Sunday morning I jumped out of bed when I heard a little boy crying, far away down the street, “Sunday Herald! — Sunday Globe!” I wiggled my way through the flowers in the bay, and barked in a high, singing key, “Ou-i’ — ou-i’ — ou-i’,” and spatted my little fore feet on the window-glass at the boy, just appearing with his Billy-goat, dragging a little wooden box on wheels, piled high with papers.

I did this because, the Sunday before, papa had jumped up hurriedly and rapped on the glass at the boy when he heard him calling. He had raised the window and

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thrown a little round, shining thing down at him, and said, rather sharply:

“Look here, boy — don’t you forget me; you know I always want a paper!”

So I knew there was something about that boy crying “Sunday Globe!” that required prompt attention; and so long as I lived, I never let a paper boy go by after that without singing out, and spitting on the window at him.

How they laughed and said, “Who would have thought she would have learned that so quickly, and remembered it a whole week.” Then mamma added, rather sadly:

“Well, Aleck, the grocer will have to be told to-morrow morning whether he can have Fairy for his little girl or not. It isn’t right to keep him waiting so.”

My little body stopped waggling and I looked anxiously from one to the other. Papa looked quizzical, and as he finished dressing he clasped his finger-tips and made a round ring of his arms; and I went through them with flying leaps, back and forth, again and again, higher and higher, like a little sprite, anxious to please him.

“I could teach this dog anything,” he

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said; "she leaped the tennis net, full height, for me yesterday."

"I know that," answered mamma. "She will learn to do everything but talk; in fact, she does talk now in her way — but that isn't answering my question."

"I'll decide before the time comes," he answered, still wishing not to appear too easy to yield, in a way men have, yet hoping all the time to be forced to.

Mamma said no more, but cut off a piece of broad, shining silk ribbon, the color of the sky, and tied it about my slender white throat, with big double bows behind, making a lovely background for my silky seal-and-fawn-colored ears; then she held me up before the long mirror and let me see myself. Then I knew that the lovely color of the sky was made for me — it was my color; and when she put me down I could hardly walk, I felt so proud and happy. I tossed and bridled my little head, and wagged my slender body, and pranced and skipped like a circus horse.

I behaved beautifully while papa and mamma were gone to church that morning. I busied myself with rolling and tossing my

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rubber ball and trying to kiss the ends of my lovely blue ribbon. I felt so grand and self-righteous that when the new girl, Christie, was laying the table for dinner, and I peeped out and saw the big black kitten, Whiskers, perched on the edge of a chair, his nose in air, sniffing in the direction of the chicken, which Christie had just taken from the oven and put in a big platter, I rushed out and seized him by his long bushy tail and threw him to the floor in a twinkling. But he never scratched me, he was so taken by surprise; and Christie praised me.

I always lorded it over Whiskers after that, before people, but he would never strike back; we really loved each other dearly, and always kissed each other when we met and thought nobody was looking. I felt dreadfully sorry when some bad boys stoned poor Whiskers and hurt his leg so that he died, after suffering many days.

Papa saved me the wish-bone when he carved the chicken at dinner that day, and Christie fed me with nice tidbits in the kitchen, Whiskers waiting patiently till I had my fill.

I hid my wish-bone under the little blue

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cushion of my basket, and I watched Whiskers very sharply for fear he would go sniffing around to find it. I would not let him put his foot outside the kitchen, but would push him back, clear across the slippery oil-cloth carpet, and he would bear it all so gently, as much as to say, "You are a dainty little Fairy-queen, and I am a poor old black kitty, glad to even be your slave, I love you so." I learned not to be so selfish when I grew bigger, but it was too late to be kind to poor, dear Whiskers.

How glad I was that bright Sabbath afternoon when papa said, "I think I will have old Nellie harnessed and ride over toward the Blue Hills, and take little Fairy with us!" I always knew the word "ride" after that, and if they didn't wish me to know, they had to spell the word — "r-i-d-e," and soon I could tell what was coming, even then, and would run away and try to reach my blue ribbon, or little collar, and ask to have it on.

That first ride was a momentous one to me; the handsome bay mare, Nellie, was brought to the door, in the new Goddard buggy, and I was set between papa and

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mamma, and tucked in, nice and warm; only, in my eagerness to see and be seen, I would stretch my slender head and neck and little folded fore paws to the foreground.

I could hear the little children by the country roadside cry out, "Oh, see that cunning little doggie!" and even the ladies would look up at me and smile, and say, "What a little beauty!" till mamma laughed and said I was "the admired of all admirers," with my fawn-like face and great shining eyes, against the background of the dark green carriage lining.

How I did love to hear the trot, trot of the horse's feet, and see the trees and fields go flying by, and see the cows grazing the green grass.

When we were far from home that afternoon, in what seemed a strange country to me, with sleeping, scattered farm-houses, papa said:

"Let us put little Fairy out of the carriage, and let her run alongside; the exercise will do her good."

Mamma seemed a little afraid that some passing carriage would run over me, but finally all seemed so quiet I was allowed to

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jump out and lope along beside old Nellie; it was only play for me to keep up with her, so papa chirped her up to a gay trot, to try my mettle, but that was easy fun for me. I took a little longer springing leaps, and didn't even look ahead, but turned my face backward toward the carriage, and kept my shining brown eyes on papa's face as he held the lines, urging old Nellie faster and faster.

Suddenly there was a low, angry snarl; a great shaggy form sprang up from its sleep by the roadside and bounded savagely after me, with a loud, threatening growl which made my little heart beat wild with fear!

Mamma saw my danger, and gave a quick cry of apprehension; papa seized the long carriage whip, and tried to reach out with it and deter the excited wolfish mongrel, who seemed to have been aroused from some dream of flying game by the swift fall of the horse's feet to see me passing like a fleet hare. He had never seen a creature like me in his country experience and was wild to overtake me. Whether his keen scent would have warned him that I was only a gentle creature of his own kind, in time to have saved my life, papa and mam-



"High over the dasher, into mamma's arms!"

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ma could never quite determine; but it was a terrible moment for them, as well as me!

The whizzing of the whip, a sound so unfamiliar to old Nellie's ears, startled her to her utmost capacity; but I flew on, still in advance, the great shaggy brute behind me tearing after in a cloud of dust, raised by his fierce, clawing pace. I was leaping three times my slender length with every bound, but my breath was coming with sobbing gasps, and my little heart was bursting with fear!

I turned my beautiful eyes back, with one appealing look, to papa's face; I saw the open jaws and blood-red tongue of my pursuer close upon me. With the blind but unerring instinct which God has given all his gentle creatures for self-preservation, I leaped straight across the roadway — across old Nellie's mad advance. I heard a cry from mamma. My pursuer tried to turn as sharply, but slipped and fell, rolling over and over in the dust. Papa was trying to bring old Nellie upon her haunches to spring out himself and intervene, but before he could bring her up I had bounded from the ground with a flying leap, high over the dasher, into mamma's arms!

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She kissed and soothed me in silent thankfulness, with tears of joy dimming her blue eyes, while papa calmed and slackened his excited steed; he was the first to speak.

“Mother, we’ll take this for an omen that she is to be *ours*. I wouldn’t have given much for her life till she landed in your arms. She has gotten the best of me, this last week, anyway!”

“She will prove our good genius, I am sure; the dear little thing kissed my sapphire ring the moment she was brought to our door, and you know, Aleck, there does always seem to be some strange significance about that ring,” said mamma, with a glad note of thankfulness in her voice.

“The significance is in the wearer, I guess,” laughed papa; “but, Stella, I am better able to buy you a handsomer ring now, and you have worn that almost ten years,” and he glanced down at the deep blue sapphire, set around with small diamonds, the only ornament on her plump little hand, which she had ungloved to tie my loosened ribbon.

“Oh, that is the very reason I value it so — it has brought me only good luck all these

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years. I wouldn't change it for the biggest diamond! I wonder what its history was before you took it from Metzger, the Jew? How sadly the owner must have felt to part with it! Who knows how many lives it may have brightened? I must always wear it, and never lose a stone from out it!" and mamma looked into the blue depths of the mysterious gem, and turned it lovingly till I reached out and kissed it again, in the blessed moment of my adoption!

CHAPTER IV

“THY memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we,
And after that — thou dost not care,
In us was all the world to thee.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AND so it was settled, then and there, that my little lot was cast with theirs; and papa paid his five good dollars per annum into the city treasury and I was recorded as “Fairy-Moonlight, fawn-and-white gazelle-hound,” and the happy years rolled by. Perchance I was their little good genius, as they said, for no illness nor loss ever came their way. The business thrived; they added to their acres; and papa planned and built many homes for others. I was his constant companion in his strolls about his estate, and would follow him up the ladder-rungs, story after story, in the new houses, and he would bring me tenderly down in his arms.

The last puppy mischief that I remember doing was that very spring. I puzzled

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mamma by coming in from my play every morning, and bringing in my slender jaws a fresh-laid hen's egg, so fragile she could never see how I could grasp it in my sharp white teeth, and bring it steadily clear upstairs and lay it joyfully at her feet, without breaking the shell. When I had done this several mornings, mamma took all the eggs over to Imogene's cottage, and said:

"Imogene, I did not commission my sweet little Fairy to rob your hens' nests; the best I can do is to restore the booty."

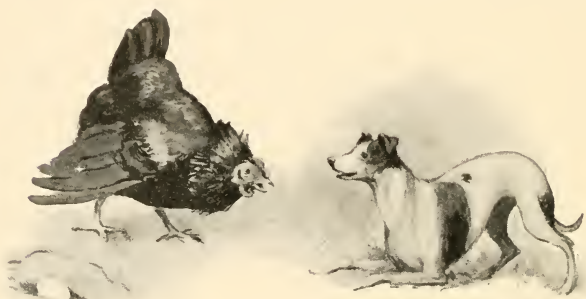
"The eggs cannot be mine," said Imogene, "for there is a high wire fence all around, and the gate to the hen-yard is closed and locked; Fairy and Skippum have been with John, and seen him take the eggs from under the old hens and put them in his hat, but they can't get in there by themselves, I am sure."

So there was a great mystery. I could not speak and tell that I was watching a big black-and-white hen, who had a warm nest cuddled in the tall grass under the grape-vine in mamma's own yard. She had run away from her flock and stolen a nest. I would steal up behind her, and root my little sharp

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nose under her feathers and get the fresh-laid eggs for mamma, because I loved her, and because I had seen the people do it.

The big hen would scold, and pick fiercely at my little brown ears, but I braved her wrath every day. Finally, one morning, papa watched when he let me go to play,



and saw me creeping slyly out from under the grape-vine with the pretty cream-colored egg poised in my little white teeth. Then he peeped under the vine; the mystery was solved, and the truant hen, with ruffled dignity, was sent home to Imogene. I thought I was doing just the right thing, but mamma said it would teach me bad habits.

One of those bright spring mornings little Skippum came over to visit me and play on

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our big lawn. We ran like little madcaps, playing hide-and-go-seek in and out the shrubbery. He was glossy black, with pretty brown touches around his eyes, nose and ears, and a brown vest and stockings, and I wished him to have a fine time. While we were resting a minute, to get our breath, I saw that the maid had left the front hall door open, and it came into my little head how Skippum would like papa's soft brown hat to play with. So I stole in and bounded noiselessly up on to the marble shelf of the hat-tree, where the hats hung on long pegs, but I was not quite tall enough. My weight, and my pulling at the hat, wobbled the tall hat-tree against the wall, so that mamma, who was writing in her room, thought she heard something below; and she tiptoed to the upper hall and peeped over the banister, just in time to see me succeed in lifting the hat from the peg, bound down and out with it. She hurried back to her window to see what next. I held the hat out to Skippum, who grabbed it and waltzed away down the big lawn with it. One naughty thought had brought another, — I bounded back to the hat-tree, and up

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again, and reached papa's new white hat, for myself, — I could count enough to know that it took two hats for two dogs. I knocked it with my little paws till it fell from the peg, then caught it by the edge of the soft brim and was out and away in a twinkling, to join Skippum.

Mamma had been slyly watching me, clear from the outset, and she hastened again to the window to see us, two naughty little dogs, tearing gleefully across our big lawn to Skippum's cottage, with the white and the tan hats over our heads, as we ran against the morning breeze.

I knew I was doing wrong, because I had never forgotten putting mamma's bonnets in my basket, and my keen little ears were turned backward as I ran, and heard her very first call:

“Fairy, Fairy! what are you doing? What will papa say?”

I slunk back, trembling, my tail curled tight between my legs and crept to her feet, as she stood on the edge of the walk, and laid down my hat. Skippum trotted boldly back, when mamma called him, and tossed down his hat with an offhand air,

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as much as to say, "Fairy is the one who did it!"

Mamma took up the hats and saw they were uninjured, but I expected to be punished. She held them down to me, as I crept whimpering up the steps into the hall, and said, in a low, serious voice, "Poor, poor papa! he can't have any hats, his naughty little Fairy spoils them all!"

I crept away into my basket and hoped she would forget it, but she called me out, again and again, and held the hats to my keen-scented nose, and said, "Poor, poor papa!" till I began to feel that I had done a dreadful thing to the one I loved so well.

I trembled and shook in my basket when he came at noon, and called as usual, "Are you up there, mother?"

"Yes," she answered, "and I would like you to come up. I have a dreadful story to tell you!" she said, as he entered the room, in such a sorrowful voice; and again she took down those terrible hats from the two bed-posts, where she had hung them before my eyes. I crept out of the basket to where papa stood, and crouched between his feet, and cried and lapped my little tongue out at

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him, to tell him that I still loved him, and not to punish me.

He shook his head as mamma rehearsed the tale, and said the same words dolefully, "Poor, poor papà!" but he did not punish me. I could not look at the hats, but turned my little face away from them, and never, from that day to this, did I do another piece of mischief. And if they ever, to try me, put on that doleful voice to rehearse the story, I flew from one to the other, and patted my little paws on their lips and kissed them so fast they could not open them to speak.

CHAPTER V

“YET proof was plain that since the day
On which the traveler thus had died
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master’s side.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THEY said I was a good Fairy of light to the boys and girls, for thus every year, as my five-dollar tax was paid, I gave them a half-dozen or more fine new books to read; for all of us poor gentle little dogs paid as much or more than some big men who helped make the city laws. We paid it into the City Library fund, and we had to buy our lives this way every May-day, or else the big men in blue coats and brass buttons could catch us and shoot us! That was the law, mamma said.

But they were not all so cruel as the law, for there was one poor little yellow dog, with such sad eyes, who used to steal up the back way, through the grove, to call on me, and try to find a stray bone in the waste-bucket;

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and he hadn't a bit of a collar, nor number, and there wasn't a bit of money in his home to buy his life when May-day came.

For oh, it was such a pitiful home! Only a couple of bare rooms, where a poor widow and her boy sat sorrowfully thinking what dreadful fate might befall dear little Gyp. He was so dear to them, because Sissy had loved him so.

Sissy with her yellow curls and big black eyes, and her sweet little white face, that had grown thinner and whiter, in the midst of poverty and hardship, till one wild winter midnight, when eased a bit from her rack-ing cough, she had called softly:

"Mamma, Robbie, don't cry — Sissy isn't 'fraid! Don't you 'member, Robbie, the picture windows we peeped and saw in the new stone church, the day 'fore you got hurt? The picture windows of the good God-man carrying the little cold lammie in his warm cloak, and the mamma-lamb wasn't 'fraid to let him?"

"Didn't we see him, too, with poor little children, just like me, all cuddled in his big, strong arms? Don't cry any more. He's a true God-papa. He'll take care of me, and

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he'll take care of you, mamma, and Robbie, and — and — dear little Gyp!"

Little Gyp had come creeping up from his vigil at her feet, and rooted his cold nose under the little snow-flake of a hand, which fluttered over his head in a weak and tremulous caress, then fell, frozen to rest, ere life's hard task was half begun. Then the three watchers beheld a strange, mystic light grow and grow in the little face, — it wasn't wan and sad any longer, — the good God-man must have come to meet that little child with his own light, shining out of the black dark! For Sissy was gone — gone like a fluttering snow-bird into the wild storm.

"Dear little Gyp!" His name was last on her lips, her last caress was on his poor little mongrel head; and his quavering wail was first to rise above the weird night wind, while the other two wept in silence.

Surely, in this the third year of her widowhood, sorrow had not come single-handed to Myra Draper. Poor Robbie's bright, hopeful boyhood, bright in spite of poverty and deprivation, had been overcast with a cruel blow; he was a hopeless cripple, his strong right hand blown to atoms with a giant-

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powder cracker, on Fourth-of-July day, as he tried to snatch the dangerous missile from the car-rail.

“I didn’t put it there, mother!” he groaned, as he saw her agony when they brought him in. “I tried to stop the boys from putting it there, and when I saw the car coming, full of people all clinging to the sides, and the fuse burning short, I thought they would be hurt. Little Gyp was going to grab it ahead of me, but I pulled him back and saved him, ’cause Sissy loves him so, but I, — I was too late, — my hand is gone, — and you, — you needed my work so, mother!” And the brave boy broke down at thought of his mother’s suffering, when he had borne his own pain and misery without a tear.

The world went its way; the widow’s darkened home was forgotten; the wise City-fathers, who had ruled, against popular opinion, that certain importunate venders should disburse cannon-crackers, to their own profit, as safely patriotic for Young America, rested secure in their office and their income, while the wolf crept nearer and nearer one humble doorway.

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For now the poor widow was deprived both of the assistance of the brave, cheery Robbie and the labor of her own patient hands, for she could not leave him through weeks of patient suffering — suffering that might have been mitigated by the skill and comforts that money could have bought. But there was no money to buy nourishing food for the weak and suffering boy, nor the failing Sissy, and now, alas! that her little grave was green in Potter's field, there was no money left to buy Gyp's faithful life for another short year.

That very morning they had heard with terror the heavy tread of the stout officer of the law, as he filled the low doorway with his brass-buttoned front and rosy face, and blurted out:

“Now, Widder Draper, I've got ter tell yez that yez jist got ter pay that two-dollar taxsh on this yer little yaller dorg o' yourn, or I've got ter make quick wor-r-k o' gittin' r-rid of him!”

Gyp sprang up quickly, before the burly officer had finished speaking, and sliding out between his legs glided away like a little wraith, across lots, through the daisies and

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into the woods, away from the haunts of men for a long mile, till he came to the edge of the peaceful Potter's field, for he knew where they had laid her.



A wavy white birch cast its flicker of tender green, and checkered the sunlight on a little mound of upraised turf where a few wild wood-violets were blooming. Gyp threw his weak, weary little body down under the birch, laid his black nose between

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his paws and watched that narrow patch of earth, chased with sunlight and shadow, with sad-eyed vigilance. Sissy was sleeping there. She would save him from the cruel law!

Yes, Sissy had said the good God-man would take care of even Gyp, and so he did, for thus it all fell out.

While the burly officer stood awaiting some answer to his direful threat, poor Robbie, with his crippled arm slung in an old black kerchief, stood silent with wan face and quivering lip; the mother tried to articulate a broken plea, but a dry sob shook her voice, as from beneath the cover of the worn old family Bible she drew forth a treasured picture, and held it toward their persecutor.

It was Sissy, kneeling beside poor Gyp, the object of his wrath, her slender arms entwining his neck, and her delicate face, with its wind-blown curls, pressed close above his head. Her great dark eyes seemed to look the officer through and through, in their sweet appeal, as he stood there gazing down upon the photograph with which some random but skilful artist had presented his little poser in happier days.

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“You’ll have to hunt him, sir, by Sissy’s grave, for we’ve no money. There’s — there’s where you’ll find him!” came in hopeless, broken tones.

But now the big man had lost his voice, and a lump was growing in his throat. He couldn’t see the picture clear any longer, but a real child’s face came close between, so close to his, in all its delicate pearl and pink coloring, its halo of sunlit hair, its pure, pleading eyes — did Sissy really come back to plead for poor hunted Gyp? Maybe so.

For something very strange happened; all of a sudden something clinked and grew heavy in the officer’s pocket, and he thought confusedly about burnt holes in his treasury, and as suddenly rammed his fat hands down to the very depths and brought up two big silver dollars, and a silver half besides, and threw them down with a ringing clatter on the wooden table. His voice was thick and husky, but they heard him say:

“By the Holy Child! that little gal’s grave’s off my beat, I be thinkin’, Widder Draper, an ’fore that yaller dorg o’ yourn crosses me parth agin, you sind thim two silver dollars down ter the gintry at City

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Hall, and, do yer mind, yer put this tother half inter a new sth-r-ap fur 'is neck, wid 'is noomber on, too!" and before mother and son could comprehend what he had done, big, bluff officer Mack was stumping off down the street.

Nor was that all, for when little Gyp appeared next day with his spick-span collar the story seemed to travel with him, and the people began to wake up to the fact that a sad, long-drawn tragedy had been passing at their very doors, while they had been seeking for something new under the sun to stir their emotions, and they grew ashamed that the bluff executioner, sent by the law, should have been more merciful than they.

The widow, from that day, was cheered by many gifts, and sympathy which went further still. More skilled attention helped heal Robbie's poor maimed arm; all came just in time to save his spirit from breaking under a hopeless, pitiless fate. Encouraged to learn to use his pen in his left hand, and supplied with decent clothing to attend night school, a few months found him filling a humble position, but so grateful that once more he could aid his widowed mother,

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that something of boyish hope and faith came back to his shadowed life.

I heard the Widow Draper telling all this sad, strange story to mamma one day, when she came for some work she could take home to do. Mamma ransacked her attic, and grandma's too, for bright-colored woolens for Mrs. Draper to braid into old-fashioned rugs, for she knew how to make such pretty ones, and mamma said it was kinder to let her feel that she was earning a living. All the neighbors, somehow, got the mania for Widow Draper's hand-braided rugs too, and Robbie delivered them from house to house, after his regular day's work was done.

Gyp and I would sit at the Widow Draper's feet, and listen intently while she spoke of her sorrow and loss, and when she called Sissy's name poor little Gyp would put his forepaws on her knee, and look into her tearful face and whine.

And despite all their subsequent good fortune, poor little Gyp could never forget. I saw him stealing away through the wood, many a day, going to watch where his little love was sleeping, for he felt sure she would wake some day!

CHAPTER VI

“YET would we keep thee in our heart —

Would fix our favorite on the scene,

Nor let thee utterly depart .

And be as if thou ne’er hadst been.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FLOSSIE and Baby had been my little fluffy, snow-white predecessors in the household; and Flossie had been a little household god. Mamma always told of his wonderful beauty, his soft, wavy hair, just like white floss, which led to his name, his long, delicate limbs, like mine, she said, and his full dark eyes, framed round with the drooping curls, that she parted in the middle and combed each way over his forehead.

“Dear, beautiful Flossie!” she would say to papa, “he was one of our wedding gifts, you know. And how strange it was he should have come way over the sea from England to me when his poor, lonely young master, who found him in France, had to close his eyes alone among strangers, but

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spoke his last word for the little creature who clung to him, and charged his nurse to be sure and give him to somebody who would love him!"

And I often heard her tell the story of how little Flossie was passed from hand to hand, till finally he was sent across the Atlantic to a dear old English Quaker lady, who could love him but could not see him; she could only feel his silky curls, his dainty feet, and loving kisses, for the tall, gentle lady, with the calm, sweet, waiting face, was blind.

"Thou art too playful for me, thou tiny waif. I can't abide thee to set my cap awry, and tumble my white kerchief so; surely thou wilt cast me down, some day, beneath my feet, when I know it not; I am moved to give thee unto yon daughter, and she and Aleck, my son, will surely love thee well, as thy poor dead master could have prayed."

And so it was that Flossie was bestowed at last on mamma, for papa was the son of that dear, gentle lady, the English Quakeress. Beautiful Flossie took their hearts by storm; like all the dear little first things that come into the halcyon days of new wedded life, he was a sacred memory as the years went on.

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“Don’t you remember, Aleck, how the people on the street would stand stock still and stare at the little beauty when he had just come out of his bath, that perfect snow-white? I used to part his wavy curls way down his back, and trim the hair close on his dainty little pink feet and ankles, so they made such a delicate contrast.

“Just think of him as he used to look, disputing the sidewalk with a dozen tame white geese! And don’t you remember that icy winter morning, when he charged down the public square on a couple of Billy-goats — how he slid bump up to their little bunting heads before he could stop himself, on the glare of ice? What a picture it made, and what a contrast! How everybody laughed, and lots tumbled down in the *mêlée*, all agape at Flossie, instead of watching their own footing. Just think, Aleck, that was twenty years ago! I don’t suppose sheep, and goats, and tame geese are quite so plenty in the streets of the Quaker City now.”

But it seemed that, as little Flossie grew older and lost his puppy bravado, his fine nature showed itself in extreme sensitiveness to harsh sounds, and when they brought him

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home to patriotic New England with them, there was one day that was his Reign of Terror, and that was Fourth-of-July day. I used to sympathize so with him when mamma told this story.

Once they left Flossie with his New England grandma, — she was my own grandma too, only this was long before my day, — and went away to spend the Fourth and the night succeeding with friends, thinking Flossie would be so much happier curled safely in the quiet old homestead, away from the young people and the snapping, shooting hubbub.

But as the day wore on and the night approached, his sensitive nerves grew more and more excited by the distant booms, the nearer bang-bangs, pop-pops, and the snakelike whiz and whir of the sky-rending rockets in the town below. And grandma had to let the little fellow go and sit in the darkest, deepest corner of the parlor closet, where he crouched, trembling and panting.

Still, grandma felt quite safe about her little charge as she closed and locked all the outer doors, that he might not slip away into the night in his panic and terror, till bedtime

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came and she swung the closet door wide, to take him out and comfort him; then, what was her consternation and alarm to behold only emptiness, — no pretty little Flossie to be found, — and Stella loved him so!

Candle in hand, grandma anxiously sought the little fellow in every nook and corner of the house, over and over, a fruitless search. But grandma was a woman of determination and energy, and never succumbed in helpless inactivity. It was waxing toward midnight, a late hour for her staid habits, but she sent across the street for her elder son, and briefly setting forth the dire calamity which threatened, she concluded by saying with the air of a commander-in-chief:

“Now, Flossie is in this house, and he’s got to be found, dead or alive! You must go with me to the cellar. We’ll begin our search there, and keep on, if we end it in the attic.”

The elder son knew grandma too well to remonstrate, and led the way, each with candle in hand, down the steep stairs, to the great, square, dark cellar under the old-fashioned homestead. Into every black bin,

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and barrel, and recess they flashed their tallow torches, all to no avail.

Three square brick chimneys were set, at equi-distances, through the center of the long, dark cellar; they came to the end of their search near the south one; here grandma stood still, loath to leave the field, silent and troubled.

"It's no use, mother—he isn't here," yawned the elder son, wearied with the search, and not attaching quite so much importance to a little black-eyed bunch of white ostrich plumes, in view of his own group of boys and girls.

But grandma's only response was to call, for the seventy-seventh time:

"Flossie, Flossie! Come, little Flossie!"

Then she stood intent, in listening attitude—for I've heard her tell the story over and over till I could paint her picture, standing there, if I were only one of those artist men with a brush. But all was dark and still in the great shadowy cellar, as the echoes of her voice died away—then suddenly—ah, what was that? Was it the faintest little smothered whine, or was it the night wind? Grandma gave a start.

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“Preston, I hear that dog — and he’s in that chimney!”

Uncle Preston aroused himself from his sleepy lethargy, thoroughly alarmed for grandma’s sanity.

“Mother, mother, are you dreaming, or are you crazy? How could that dog be in the chimney? Has he wings, to fly to the ridge-pole and come down chimney like a Santa Claus?”

“Hush-sh-sh!” whispered grandma, with one stilling hand upraised; then, turning back her night-cap off her best ear:

“Flossie, poor little Flossie! Hark! Don’t you hear that?”

A faint, far-away, mournful little whine broke the midnight stillness.

“That dog *is* in the bottom of this chimney, and he’s got to be gotten out!” cried grandma, recovering all her decision and energy.

“Oh mother, how can you imagine such a thing? If he’s in the bottom of the chimney, he’s dead long ago, smothered with soot. I tell you it’s only the wind you hear!”

“I tell you, I know better. I tell you, I hear that dog, and he’s alive, too; but he

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must be gotten out, and that quick, if we have to smash a hole through the brickwork, or take out the whole side of the chimney!" And grandma deposited her candlestick on the cellar stairs, straightened her tall figure, and stripped back her sleeves, with a gesture that always meant business.

The elder son saw himself, in imagination, seeking his bed somewhere in the gray dawn; but it was no use pooh-poohing at grandma when she had once made up her mind, so he arose from his seat on an old cider-keg, rested his long hands meditatively on his hips, and surveyed the solid masonry.

"Preston, you bring that light right round the back side of this chimney; 'pears to me I remember — Ah yes, here 'tis! I thought there was a flue there! It just this minute came across me how, years and years ago, your father let neighbor Doctor Johnson, the dentist, bake his teeth down here, just to help him out. We put this flue in on purpose for him." And grandma, as she spoke, was twisting away with eager fingers at the iron cover, some three feet above ground, but bedded in rust, leading to a small round passage into the chimney.



“With a glad, half-wailing cry of recognition and relief.”

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“Here, mother, do let me get at it.” And with a few smart raps with an old steelyard weight he picked up, the rusty plate loosened, revolved, and fell to the ground — as instantaneously, like a Jack-in-the-box, out popped a little sharp, sooty nose, and a pair of great blinking eyes, with a glad, half-wailing cry of recognition and relief.

“Well, I’ll be bound! I’m beat this time, mother!”

“Well, your old mother isn’t so easily beaten. When I know a thing, I *know* it, and the whole world can’t beat me out of it; something told me, plain as day, to come to this cellar!” rejoined grandma in a tone of mingled mysterious awe and triumph.

“Come Flossie, dear little Flossie; grandma’ll help him.” The little fellow was wailing and whimpering out the whole story of his tragic experience, as sure of her sympathy as a child.

And with the most careful assistance and encouragement, that his delicate body and satiny skin should not be injured by the rough narrow walls of the flue — for it was a tight fit, like being drawn through a knot-hole — poor little Flossie was slowly worked

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and pulled out to view. He had begun the glorious Fourth a snow-white dog; he had ended it, at midnight, a jet black one. But grandma didn't care a whit for that, so long as she had him safe and sound in her arms.

The poor little thing, it seemed, in his panic and fright had run into a disused room, from whence the stove had been removed the spring before. He had discovered the dark funnel-hole, and, thrusting in his little head, he found such blissful silence and fancied security from the fierce Fourth-of-July bombardment without, that he had scrambled in, head and heels, on to nothingness, and fallen headlong to the cellar below, landing, luckily, on a soft bed of soot, where he lay a hopeless, helpless little prisoner. Yet he would soon have perished of fright and suffocation had it not been for the prompt energy and determination of dear grandma, guided by that mysterious divining, almost prescient, power with which she was endowed.

How thankful mamma was, when she returned the next day, to find little Flossie alive, and the same dainty little loving, snow-white morsel as ever, when she heard the

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strange adventure from grandma's lips, in her own graphic way.

Then, always, came stories of free-and-easy "Babe," another little curly white dog, only he was dumpy, and woolly, and kinky, and had one black eye and one blue one, and an odd little fore foot, that turned straight out to the right side as he patted along.

Babe, it seems, was purchased as a sort of companion for Flossie, when age had dimmed his great dark eyes and he sat patiently waiting in the shadow. So Babe would lead little Flossie about, and back and forth, to and from grandma's house. If he wandered from the path, especially a path shoveled in the snow, Babe would bob up beside him and crowd him over into the right trail, or lead him gently by his silky ear. Sometimes he would go and stand in front of Flossie, and peer into his still bright but sightless eyes, as much as to say:

"Flossie, why can't you see me? Your eyes are big enough and bright enough."

But Babe was no such delicately organized, clinging little creature as the first, despite his name. Flossie, they said, was part Italian hound as well as poodle, but

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Babe, under his poodle cloak, carried a big drop of Yorkshire terrier blood — and a most original compound he was.

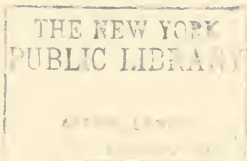
He was hardly willing to accept the tame position of companion to the little home-loving Flossie; he had too much live business of his own on hand. The first day mamma tied him to an extra-sized hassock, to gently persuade him to take a few hours' rest at home, she saw that same hassock, a half-hour later, much worn and bedraggled from a half-mile run, disappearing behind a frisky white ball off the city sidewalk, through the Bank doors. He couldn't allow an attachment twice as big as he was to be any impediment in his busy rounds.

Hadn't he got to be umpire at an engine trial down town that very day, and sit right under the drippings of the fire-box till his little white woolly back would be black with cinders and coal-tar?

Hadn't he got to go down to Ramond Hobb's stable, where the tame monkeys were playing round loose, and make a friendly call on them, and, perchance, divide a little of the burden of their live-stock speculations?



Babe



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Then to-morrow — yes, to-morrow Buffalo Bill and his “Wild West Show” was coming. He’d got that on his hands, the whole thing! And sure enough, when papa and mamma were driving through a side street for safety, with their nervous Topsy, what was that fluffy white ball, bounding ahead of all that bristling array of down-sweeping horns and trampling hoofs? It was their own Babe, leading Buffalo Bill’s bisons!

For a week or so his attention was diverted by the completion of the first line of horse-railroad past papa’s door, and he ran ahead of the big road-roller which was repairing the street on either side, assuming command of all operations, till mamma was in terror lest his little life be blotted out, a martyr to curiosity.

But when the very first new shining horse-car went jingling up the hill to the westward, on the short line, Babe sat thoughtfully down upon the curbstone, motionless, save now and then a wise bob of his little curly head, as he cast his best and biggest eye to the right, for the return of this splendid two-horse chariot — put on the road, no doubt,

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for his sole and special accommodation, though he'd never seen such a rig before.

Yes, there it came, — ring-a-jing, ring-a-jing, — never mind stopping, for his little white ostrich feather tail flashed past the conductor, and the saucy little figure sat erect on the crimson velvet cushion, with all the *sang froid* of president of the road. Neither was he deposed — everybody was so amused at his off-hand ways; the more so, when, as the car turned southward down the main street, then eastward toward the station, Babe sauntered out to the platform, and as they reached the corner of his master's office dropped off, like an old adept.

And so he assumed this privilege ever after. But riding was only a side pastime. He went to the city park evenings, to nib at the boys' legs and hear the band play, and came home of a summer midnight to the front stoop with a bravado — imperative:

"Ye-ep, ye-ep — what the dickens is this door locked for? Get up — get up there, I say, and let your jolly boy in!"

"Oh, plague take that little nuisance!" papa would yawn, only half wakened, but

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mamma would slip patiently down the stairs and give him hasty admittance, for she remembered how once, when she had fainted and fallen in a room filled with escaping coal-gas, she had dimly heard that same little strident voice of Babe's, wildly calling to wake papa to her assistance, as he stood over her face, kissing her and howling in a frenzy of loving apprehension, finally rousing and saving them both from danger.

Thus admitted at midnight, the next moment his little dewy feet would be beating a tattoo on top of papa's head, for at the head of his pillow, and his only, would the little wanderer take his rest.

"Babe, I tell you to quit that kicking; I'll be bald-headed long before my time!" would be the next ejaculated reproach mamma would have to swallow, for the preservation of his top-knot was a half-implicit responsibility of hers.

But she would quickly extend a protecting hand, both to guard the little happy-go-luck dreamer from a possible impatient slap of remonstrance, and to guide his busy little drumsticks away from the head of her sleeping lord. And papa and Babe would both

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be singing sonorous slumber songs again, long hours before she herself could win the soothing but elusive presence of the drowsy god.

As for Babe, he'd got to get a few hours solid sleep, he said to himself, for whether he had seen the big picture posters on the billboards and fences, and taken it all in, papa and mamma never knew, but they needn't think he'd been spending this particular night in that tame old city park, hearing the band play "Shoo fly! don't bodder me!" He'd had business, mighty business, on hand — Barnum's Circus was coming to town!

He would have a surprise for them in the morning, for hadn't he been down to the freight-house half the night his own self, unloading the whole menagerie? Hadn't he got to be up and off betimes in the morning, to get hold of the line of march and arrange the procession? So he slept and snored.

And the next morning he did surprise, not only papa and mamma, but everybody else. The great Barnum's Circus was going to pass papa's office in its line of march. Whether Babe connived at this we never

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knew; but all the little folks, cousins Elsie, Roxanna, Theresa, and Joe, were clustered on the front to see the sight, and papa and mamma with them.

On came the outriders, in their glittering trappings; the great golden carriages, with their mysterious occupants; next a grand cavalcade, the great shining black Tartarian steeds, the famous "trained horses" of that day, prancing and rearing in the blare of the martial music, glittering with gold fringe and gold-broidered, purple velvet trappings, as they champed, and nodded their plumed heads. Then the children held their breath, and a hush fell on the crowd, as on came the mammoth cages. Great noble-faced lions, too proud to cast a glance of their kingly eyes on their biped captors, rode by in silence profound; glossy striped tigers glided noiselessly back and forth within their prison-houses, lashing their tails in restless motion; mottled leopards, fierce panthers, and wild-cats followed; then the tall, gentle, treetop-eating giraffes; close behind ambled a cavalcade of the tiniest, darlingest, little Shetland ponies, with their waving manes.

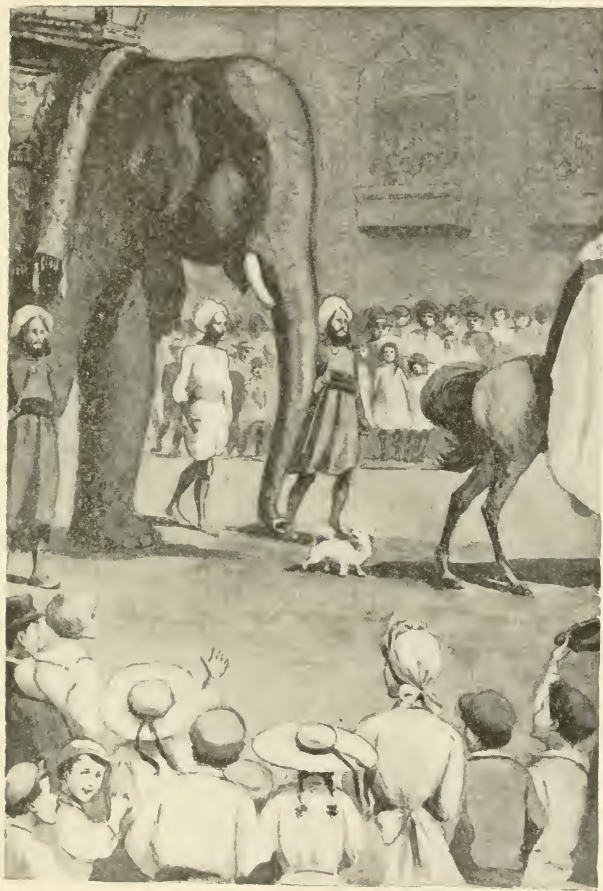
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Mamma was just saying it was only a gilded show, with gaudy cages covering much that was sad and pitiful behind the glittering exterior. For the lions and tigers and leopards languished and suffered as keenly behind those golden bars as in a gloomier prison, as they were jostled wearily from town to town, hemmed in by crowds, dazzled by artificial lights, excited and harassed by the ever-moving throngs gazing upon them, their muscles cramped and aching, their lungs panting for the free air and wild life of the desert and their native jungles.

But her words of pity were drowned by the roar of the great steam calliope, that burst on the air like a hundred locomotive whistles, in weird tune, or like a giant bagpipe.

But what comes now looming up behind, filling the narrow street from side to side? Is it a great, grimy Bedouin tent, overspread with Oriental splendor, swept on a desert cyclone as it sways, like a bellied sail, from side to side?

No, no — Wake up! Don't get to dreaming at sound of the weird calliope, but if



*"The monster old favorite, with his tiny escort,
swaggered by."*

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you must, then dream of giant jungles in far India, for hither comes that old child-love of this decade — Barnum's Jumbo!

On, on, he comes, with majestic, swagging strides, the crowd "Oo-oo-oo-ing!" the children wild with delight at their first sight of this great, mammoth bulk, and clamorous cries arose: "O papa, O mamma, can I be put on Jumbo's back this afternoon?" For Jumbo's far-famed gentleness and love for the little children had driven all fear from their hearts.

But what is that snow-white atom, swagging just in advance, almost between those ponderous feet, with all the strut and jerk of a drum-major in its little woolly legs, right foot turned squarely out, as it tries to keep time to the brawling calliope? His head askew as he marches, his little odd blue eye turned up to the mammoth elephant's trunk, which sways above him, plainly saying to his self-chosen charge:

"This way, Jumbo! Who's afraid? Just follow me; I'll show you the sights; I'll take you round the town — I own it!"

The children fairly screamed with glee at the sight, and a murmur of laughter rose

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into a loud babble from the crowd. Then came shouts and calls, and finally a hoarse "Hurrah for Babe Ballentyne!" as the monster old favorite, with his tiny escort, swaggered by, for everybody knew Babe.

CHAPTER VII

“HE . . . did the pathway tread
Of perfect fealty. Pathway straight and true,
Lit by the lode-star of a simple trust —
And love that knew no swerving. Bare ye, then,
The head, to honour so at parting one
Who all unknowingly gave example high,
Though but a dog, of best nobility!”

EDWARD CURTIS.

ONCE, when we lived in our own home city, papa and mamma left me one evening with little Ellie, the new Swedish maid, — for Christie had married and gone to a home of her own, — and went about twenty miles away on the train to attend a concert in a neighboring city. It grew colder and colder, and when the music was over, and they came out in the frosty night, the people were rubbing their ears and spatting their hands to keep them from freezing. They got on the train again, and arrived in their own city at midnight. All the carriages were gone from the station, and mamma said:

“Oh, let us skip along to the house. I shall

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not mind it; the crisp air and bright starlight seem so refreshing after the close, heated train and concert-room."

So they started home on foot. It was very well where the tall brick buildings shut off the icy breeze, but when they turned onto the long stretch of open residential street leading to our home it was biting cold, and they had to watch their hands and faces, and rub them briskly, to keep Jack Frost from pinching them.

The thick ice forming in the brooks and meadows snapped and crackled as the frosty air bound it tighter and deeper in the cold, glittering starlight — the only sound that broke the stillness.

But as they passed a lonely corner a little shaggy, neglected Skye terrier crept out from the shelter of a disused building, and ventured timidly to their side, then taking courage leaped up from the ground, kissing at their benumbed fingers.

"Oh, you poor little lost doggie, I fear you will freeze!" said mamma, stooping to pat his ragged mop of flaxen hair. Whereupon he gave a little responsive whimper, and ran on in advance to the next door, then back to

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them in the street again, leaping up and kissing and sniffing at their gloved hands; then crossed to the next house door, and the next, and back to them again.

“I wonder if he lives in some of these houses and is trying to tell us to open his door?” said papa. But just then they were surprised by the gladdest barking from the little waif at the door of their *own* home, where he had run, far in advance of them. Then they understood it all. With his keen scent he had been running from house to house, hunting for their home, and now he had found it he knew it at once, as he sniffed vigorously at the front door and around the portico where they had passed more than eight hours before! The frosty night wind could hide nothing from his keen little nose.

He dashed down the street to meet them, with the most joyous cries and antics, then back to the door to await them, with the wildest tail-wagging and pattering of eager feet. He had found their home for them — would they share it with him?

I was ensconced in my castle of defense, the great black walnut bedstead, in mam-

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ma's chamber, but all night long my alert ears had caught at the slightest sound, the rumble of wheels or approaching footsteps, but all had subsided into silence, and little tremors of apprehension shook me, as I lay curled in the warm, cozy blankets, for fear dear papa and mamma would not come back to me.

When the cry of the little midnight visitor startled my listening ears, I bounded to the floor and to the top of the hall stairway, saying in my wrath:

"What saucy little dog dare come here, to my own home, barking in that bold, familiar way?" All my very own home I called it now, forgetting that only two short years before I, too, had come to that very door, begging to be taken in by kind hearts. How much little dogs are like boys and girls, and how easy it is to get proud and selfish, and forget the sorrows of others.

Just then, long looked-for footsteps sounded on the porch, papa's latch-key clicked in the lock, and in bounced a little frowzy figure before the door could fairly open.

A tangle of silken, flaxen hair, four feathery feet, two keen, topaz-colored eyes, with

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pink lids, just peeping from under his shaggy top-knot — what a sight he was! I could hardly feel jealous, but I tilted my dainty nose and pretended not to notice him.

Papa and mamma had entered the hall, and turning on the bright light looked up for me and saw me “laughing” down upon them, as papa called it, for, in anticipation of his playfully pinching my slender nose in welcome, and expecting the funny feeling of his fingers every moment, I had gotten into the way of drawing back my delicate lips and displaying my pearly teeth; and from that I soon learned that the little grimace pleased him, and knew what he meant when he said, to show me off:

“Now Fairy, laugh!” and I would immediately display my faultless teeth again, wagging and tossing my head.

“What a perfect contrast!” said mamma, turning from my slender, graceful figure and great shining brown eyes to the little shapeless tangle at her feet; “but,” she added, “there is something beautiful in his perfect homeliness.”

I knew she was praising me, in a way, as

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I caught her admiring glances, and I began to relent toward the little interloper; and when she said, "We must give the poor little fellow some warm milk, anyway, before we turn him out into the night," I led the way to the kitchen with an air of self-righteous charity, while mamma, tired and chilled as she was, set about preparing him a big dish of warm, rich milk, which he lapped down with thankful relish, blinking up at us with his keen yellow eyes.

Next, some chicken-scrap and tidbits were added to the feast — such a surprise party to his poor little starving stomach. Then papa called him into the hall again. Slowly and ruefully the disappointed little fellow crept, trembling, down the stairs, and when papa opened the front door and said:

"Go on, go on, little fellow!" he flopped over on his back in a twinkling and put up his four little pink-padded feet imploringly, whimpering piteously, with almost a baby's cry. He wormed along on the carpet, on his back, his feathery pads still waving and coaxing, into a corner under an easel on which sat a portrait of papa, as though praying for his compassion, and just beyond his

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reach, while the cold blast from the open door made us all shiver.

Papa tried to pick him up, but the dog raised such a pathetic, coaxing cry he closed the door and said:

“It’s no use, mother; I’ve no heart to put the little fellow out this awful night, even if he didn’t beg so. See how the frost is gathering on the windows, in spite of the hot furnace fire; can’t he sleep in the kitchen?”

“Oh, yes, indeed!” answered mamma; “it will never do to put him out; his little feet would be frozen, and I begin to think he has no home to go to. He cannot do much harm shut in the kitchen, and I don’t believe Ellie will be afraid of him. I will wake up early in the morning and tell her, so she need not be startled with finding him there unexpectedly.”

Little Frowzelly had stopped crying, but lay on his back, his praying feet uplifted, anxiously listening, and before mamma could finish speaking he had caught at the gist of it all and went leaping gaily back, two stairs at a time, to the kitchen, and curled himself in a cozy ball behind the great warm range for the rest of the night.

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Poor tired mamma never woke up to tell Ellie of the new advent in the kitchen. She didn't need to, for Ellie had good common sense, and more, a gentle, pitying heart, though she "yumped a little," as she told mamma afterward, in her cunning dialect. She only laughed and said, "W-a-l-l, I detare! you little flaxy, frettled, Swede dod, all of a tolor — what sip did you tum over in?"

So the cheery breakfast-bell and the faint fumes of the spicy coffee were the first things to wake us. Mamma laughed to see me jealously eyeing my pretty basket the first thing, to see that our new lodger had taken no liberties with it, and then I strutted toward the kitchen, to look him up. There he was, wide awake, blinking out at me with his topaz eyes and beating a tattoo with his fringy tail.

After breakfast, when the morning work was done, Ellie of her own accord put little Frowzelly in the laundry-tub, while I stood curiously by, and gave him a nice warm bath, and dried and combed him. We found his hair was fine as silk floss, of a pale, glossy drab color. I began to feel

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quite proud of him, and at noon, when papa came home to lunch, I playfully pulled him forth by his feathery feet, to show papa how handsome he had grown. He would let me roll and drag him all around the carpet, just gently touching me with his strong, white teeth, when I pulled his long, silky hair too roughly, as much as to say:

“Oh, gently, gently, little Fairy queen. Only let me stay here and share the crumbs from your table and the merest fraction of love, and I’m your little slave; do with me what you will.”

Mamma said his mouth was really beautiful, with its ivory teeth and pink gums, and she said he had the loveliest, forgiving disposition.

For four whole days it was so bitter cold she had no heart to turn him out, and although papa had put a notice in the paper nobody came to claim him; so I had a splendid time every day, playing rough and tumble, and dragging him playfully about.

“That’s just the dog for a baby to have,” said mamma. “I know he can always be trusted.”

So at the end of the fourth day she spoke

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to a young man who was engineer in papa's factory about finding some place among his good neighbors for little Frowzelly.

"I shall be more than glad to take him myself, for a companion for my own little baby," was his answer, when mamma told how bright and gentle and trusty our little visitor was. "I shall feel much safer about him while I am away all day long, for his mother is busy with her household cares and the baby will be creeping around the door all alone when spring comes."

So it was settled at once, and the young man came that very night and took the little stranger home with him. I was sorry when he went away, but the young man told us afterward that with little Frowzelly and the baby it was a case of "love at first sight," and that the dog slept in the foot of the cradle, a faithful little watcher, from that night forward; and as the months went on, he and the baby grew to be inseparable companions.

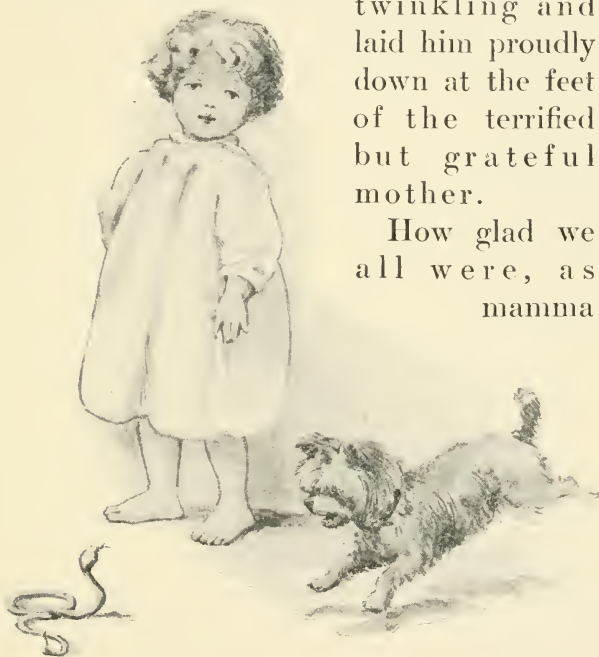
Best of all, one eventful day, when a venomous hooded adder, coiled by some strange chance close by the door-step where the baby toddled off, sprang forth to bury its poison-

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fangs in the fair little foot, brave little Frowzelly, quicker than light, sprang to the rescue, and catching the viper in his strong white teeth, shook the life out of him in a

twinkling and laid him proudly down at the feet of the terrified but grateful mother.

How glad we
all were, as
mamma



said, when we heard the story of the rescue, that we had entertained a little four-footed angel unaware that pitiless night.

CHAPTER VIII

“My dog he had his master’s nose,
To smell a knave through silken hose;
If friends or honest men go by,
Welcome, quoth my dog and I!”
From Old Wessex Song. ANON.

SKIPPUM, my first little chum, and I knew an awful secret once. It began in the pretty white cottage where he lived and ended over in my house. We tried to tell our mammas about it, but we couldn’t make them understand, for they never dreamed of such a secret.

Skippum’s mamma had such “a treasure of a maid,” as she called her, who was so pretty and kind to the little babies, and who always met her mistress with a refreshing drink of ice-cold lemonade, or something equally nice, when she came home from riding or shopping, and brushed out her long yellow tresses, and helped her dress so patiently, and who loved to help adorn her with all her prettiest jewels and make her look so girlish and beautiful, that of course

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mamma Wakeman couldn't help calling her a jewel too.

But sometimes, when the young mistress was out, and Skippum and I were playing around the long, low windows that came way down to the veranda floor, we saw poor Inez standing before the pier-glass, trailing the ivory satins and fleecy lace dresses, which her mistress had left all shut in the closet, around her own tall, slender figure, and trying the gleaming necklaces on her own fair neck, and fastening the brilliants in her blue-black hair.

And her cheeks burned like rubies, she felt so proud and guilty, too, when she saw how beautiful she looked. She was "playing round the hook," as the little boys call it.

She didn't start to do wrong, she said, when it was too late, but the more she gave way to the first wrong step of trying on and wishing for the jewels the mistress had trusted to her care, the more a dark, secret thought haunted her. She could have put the bad thought away, when it was just a little black thing that bobbed up in her head, the first time; she could have said to it, "Get away: never speak such a word to me

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again! I am an honest girl, if I am working for a living, and my fair face, and much more my good name, are worth more than gold to me; and some day, if I am patient and faithful, I will have honest jewels of my own, and can wear them openly and proudly."

But no. She confessed that she kept nursing that little black thought. She said, "Thinking is no harm;" but, day by day, that thought was growing stronger — stronger than her weak will — while she kept hobnobbing with it; and finally there came an hour when the wicked thought put its strong, black claws right on her fast-beating heart, and made her hands do its bidding, while she shook and shivered.

Mistress Wakeman was going out riding with the two little ones, and Inez was going with her to tend them. Skippum was to stay behind, for I had come over to play with him that afternoon.

So Inez hustled nervously around, and said, "Dear Mrs. Wakeman, let me go and help you and the little boy into the carriage, and then I will get on my hat and cloak, and bring out the baby."

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But the mistress said, "Oh, no, Inez, don't hurry so; take time to dress yourself, and I will be leisurely getting seated. I do not need any help, so long as you bring the little one."

So she went out holding her little toddling boy by the hand, paused to admire the beautiful white running-rose that was garlanding the porch, then walked slowly to the carriage. The maid peeped stealthily out at her, in such a queer peek-a-boo way, that Skippum and I stopped playing, and began to stare at Inez. Then such a strange and sudden sight as we beheld!

Inez seemed transformed into a wild, guilty thing that had lost her reason. She fairly tore all the drawers from the pretty dressing-table and bureau, and threw their contents over the floor, — all but one thing, — the dear little scarlet velvet jewel-bag, with its cunning satin pockets, where all the precious shining stones were tucked away; *that*, with shaking hands, she thrust into a deep pocket she had made that very morning and sewed under her dress.

The baby was looking right at her with his wide blue eyes, and she looked so strange

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he began to cry. Skippum and I began to bark and scold, and to run back and forth between the open door and the carriage, to try to tell Mistress Wakeman to come and see, — for we knew something was terribly wrong, — and we would not stop when Inez slapped savagely at us with the hair-brush.

Then she rushed over to a rear window and struck at the glass with the back of the brush and shivered it, and unfastened the lock. We barked and screamed the louder, and so did the poor little baby too. Then she caught him up rudely and flew out, trying to slam the door behind her; but Skippum and I were tearing right up her trail, and we got tangled up and squeezed awfully hard in the door. She nearly tumbled down with the baby in her arms, and kicked at us spitefully with her sharp boot-heel, but we had gotten worked up to such a pitch we never seemed to feel the kicks then; and we followed clear to the carriage, fairly raging and frothing at our little mouths, just as Mother Wakeman was about to climb out in answer to our excited call, only to hear that naughty Inez say: “Oh, Mrs. Wakeman, I hope you will excuse me. I got so

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fluttered, I couldn't find my hat, and then the baby's bonnet-string came off in my fingers when I went to tie it, and I had to stop and sew that on; then those pesky little dogs had to run a mouse out of the closet, right over my feet, and scare me and the baby most to death."

"Oh, never mind, Inez, you did well to be so quick," said Mistress Wakeman. "You may start now, Dennie."

We were barking and pouncing our little fore feet from side to side, begging her to come back; she did turn again toward us, as the horses started up, and say: "I never heard those little things make such an ado about a mouse before. Are you sure, Inez, there's nothing more the matter?"

"Nothing, that I could see, madam," answered Inez, and turned away her burning cheeks and downcast eyes from the mistress, and set about soothing the baby. We were full of wrath and fear as the carriage rolled away.

We rushed to the kitchen and pulled old Becky, the cook, by the dress and tried hard to get her to come, but she only shook us off, and said, in her kind, crooning way, for she never scolded us to mean it:

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“Shoo fly! yer leetle foolish varmint; what fo’ yer puttin’ yer teefh inter dis chile’s bran’ new caliker? Doan yer s’pose old Becky’s got’ nuff ter do, ter cook an’ iron, ter say noffin’ a mendin’?”

Then we flew over to my house, to my own dear mamma, all breathless and excited — stood up and shouted out, together, the dreadful thing that we had seen. But she thought we were telling her about the ice-man making such a banging at the ice-chest in the rear, and she only said:

“It’s all right, you little watchmen — he never touches mamma’s goodies.” And when we pulled her dress, too, she went out to the chest and got some milk, and put a little warm water in it to take off the chill, and set it down for us. Our hearts beat so hard we didn’t feel hungry, but our little tongues were fairly dry with shouting, and we lapped it down, then raced to and fro, from her room to the door, to try to get her to follow; but she was busy writing, and we could not make her understand.

So I told Skippum I would stand by him and we two would see it through. We crept sorrowfully back to the disheveled room and

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nosed around among the dainty things lying all about the floor, but nowhere could we find the scarlet bag with its shining contents. Just then came the sudden rumble of wheels; Mistress Wakeman, some way, couldn't enjoy her ride, and had turned back very early. We could hear her saying:

"I know, Inez, you are right in saying that I needed the air and ought to have kept on, but some way I had a feeling as though something was going to happen, and I had better come home. Maybe it's all nothing; maybe it's only a shower in the air — I feel this sort of oppressed feeling at that sometimes."

But Inez was hurrying in advance and opening wide the doors, and when she was half across the sitting-room, in sight of the lady's room, she cried out sharply:

"Why, Mrs. Wakeman, what have those dreadful puppies done? Oh, my! Oh, my! It's worse than that; they never could pull out those drawers — it's — it's — please take the baby — quick! I fear I shall fall; it's burglars! burglars!"

Inez sank into the first rocker, letting her hands fall limply each side the squirm-

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ing baby, her eyes closed, and bereft of further power to speak. Mother Wakeman, true to the strongest instinct, caught the baby from the nerveless arms of the fainting maid and stood silent for a moment, with blanching cheek, surveying the wild disorder.

Skippum and I were too shocked to speak, even had we the power, but we rolled our eyes and showed their whites, and we each in turn stepped up and sniffed towards Inez's deep, deep pocket. The scarlet bag was there, — we could smell it, — and we looked at mamma Wakeman with such wise and knowing glances, if she would only have noticed us.

But she turned away hastily, calling sharp and quick to the coachman, who was gathering up his reins:

“Dennie, drive quick as you can to Mr. Wakeman's office and ask him to drive directly back to the house and bring an officer with him; the house has been entered and robbed, in our absence, of I know not what.”

Dennie listened, bowed without a word, snapped his whip, and away he flew. Then the mistress stepped quickly through the

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rear room, to where black Becky was laboriously ironing the last beruffled and belaced white dress for the baby, calling as she did so:

“Come here this minute, Becky, and tell me what you know about this state of things. Have you let any pedlars or tramps into this house since I’ve been gone?”

“Fo’ der Lor’s sakes, missus, yer doan tink I’s gone loss my seben senses, dat I should be ’vitin’ sich twash inter der house; what’s gone happen now?”

“Come and see!” said the mistress, sternly, and poor Becky, frightened and wondering, slip-shodded along after her to the disheveled room; then stood breathless, with hands uplifted.

“Der Lors-a-massy, missus! Sure ’nuff, dat’s mor’n tramps; dem’s thebes an’ robbers! robbers! Oh, ’pon mer word an’ soul, missus, I neber heered a sound; neber a sound, sabe jes dem leetle four-footed critturs. Oh, now I knows, missus, — bress der poor leetle honey hearts, — dey’s tying ter tell old Becky, all der time dey wor puttin der teefh inter mer bran’ new caliker.

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“Oh, der Lor forgib me, missus, if I’d only ‘beyed dem leetle four-footed critturs He sent, I’d cotched dem robbers, dar an’ den, an’ I’d done bang der life out ob ’em!”

Skippum and I forgave poor Becky, now that she had bravely given us the credit of trying to raise the alarm, and we wished we could tell her she had a better chance to “done bang der robber” just that minute than she had before, but all we could do was to stand near Inez and her deep, deep pocket and give little suspicious growls.

“Oh, let us hope it isn’t so dreadful bad, madam; maybe we scared them away before they got anything; I thought I heard some one running just as we stepped in,” suggested Inez, gathering herself up as though to calm and cheer her mistress.

The mistress started with blanching cheek again at thought of the possible presence still in the house of such dangerous characters, and she peered nervously into the parlor and tiptoed to the front hall, for she herself had entered by the veranda door.

“I’ll search the chambers myself,” suggested Inez, apparently gathering courage.

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“They might have rushed upstairs to hide and then jumped off that low, flat roof.”

“I’ll go with you,” said Mistress Wakeman, with chattering teeth. “Maybe we three could hold ’em in a closet till the police can get here.”

“Jes gib dis chile a hole ob der wool, an’ dey’ll neber knowed what hurt ’em!” snorted Becky with dilating nostrils. Just then an umbrella slipped in the hall rack and fell with a little rustle and thud. The three burglar-hunters went up in the air with three muffled shrieks and came down in a close, huddled heap. Inez pulled away and tried hard to keep the lead, but Becky kept well abreast. No, there wasn’t a boot-leg projecting from under a bed, nor a man in a single closet; all was untouched; had the mistress and Becky not followed so closely, Inez might have found their tracks.

So they crept downstairs again, and Mistress Wakeman, finding the coast clear, began to collect her ideas, and ran her eyes anxiously over the confused contents of her dressing-table and bureau, thrown so ruthlessly about. One thing her thoughts centered on she could not see, and Inez

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thought of it too, for she cried, in the same breath:

“Oh, the jewel-bag! the jewel-bag is gone! How dreadfully I feel for you! All the lovely gems I have loved so well to see you wear!”

“Ob course der jewel-bag’s gone; dat’s jes der ting dey’s arter all der time, dat’s my ‘pinion. Dey used ter say, ‘Set a thebe to cotch a thebe,’ and Miss Inez, doan yer s’pose I ain’t got no feelin’ to hev dis yar dre’ful ting cum ter pass wid dis chile stan-nin’ right in dis yar house?”

It seemed to Skippum and me that Becky’s big black eyes rested long and searchingly on Inez. Mistress Wakeman could not speak, her calamity was too great. The tears welled over out of her big blue eyes, and sobs shook her for a moment, then she burst out angrily:

“They shall never, never get away with my precious jewels! I’ll spare no cost, nor leave one stone unturned to find them, and I’ll bring the thief to justice, whoever and wheresoever he is!”

“That I would, madam,” said the guilty Inez, feeling that there was no halting in the

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path she had taken; but Skippum and I thought we saw a little chill creep through her at the words and the determined flash of Mistress Wakeman's blue eyes.

Just then came the rapid whirl of wheels and Mr. Wakeman hurried in, followed by a wary-faced little man with a long, sharp nose, too big for the rest of his face, and funny ears that spread outward and forward a little, as though to catch every sound, and the sharpest blue-gray eyes, that seemed to look you through and through. This weasel-faced little man they called Mr. Seeforth.

"How is all this, Imogene?" inquired Mr. Wakeman, excitedly; and the lady told the tale of the robbery in their absence, the overturned drawers, and the dreadful sequel — the missing jewels.

"How do you think they found entrance, madam?" inquired the sharp-nosed man.

"I am sure I can't imagine, Mr. Seeforth, for Becky, my cook, was standing right in the wing kitchen, where she could see every door to the house, except the front, and that is double-locked all the time," answered the mistress.

Becky had retired respectfully toward the

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kitchen on the entrance of Mr. Wakeman and the other gentleman, but the maid hung about in the room adjoining, within ear-shot, and when she heard this, she stepped boldly forward and said:

“Pardon me, gentlemen, but it looks to me they came in that window,” and she pointed to the rear window, with its broken pane and open lock, which none had observed, behind the partly lowered shade.

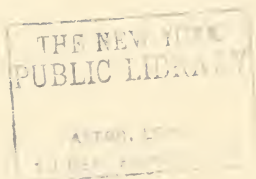
“Yes, yes, — I see, — I see,” said the little man. “If they went out again that way, they must have worked quite hard to reach back, through that hole, and pull the shade as low as that.”

But Skippum and I remembered the broken pane with fear and anger, and we barked right out loud and long, and we tried to tell this little man with the big, sharp nose all about Inez slapping at us with the stinging hair-brush and then smashing the glass, and we looked back and forth from the broken pane to her, and not outside.

And we thought he could talk our language, for he took his eyes off Inez’s face and began to look intently at us, as we pounced first toward her with angry screams and



“Fixed his keen eyes again on Inez.”



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then toward the window, and then back toward her, pausing only to look way into his blue-gray eyes, with our great shining ones, as he stood before us, half way between the two objects of our wrath; and when we found we had really caught his sharp eyes, we never took time to wink, but poured out our story, over and over.

Then he took a little book and pencil out of his pocket, and we thought he was going to write down what we had told him, for he asked:

“Have these two little dogs been in and out this room all the afternoon?”

“Yes, sir,” said Skippum’s mamma, “but I know they never broke that glass.”

He made no answer to this, but fixed his keen eyes again on Inez, and said:

“Miss, you noticed this broken pane before your mistress did?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You hadn’t mentioned it to her?”

“I didn’t see it till just as you were coming in,” stammered Inez.

“Your eyes are younger and brighter than the rest of us,” said the little man drily.

Then he went over to the window, and

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raised the shade and looked at the break, and wrote more in his little book. Skippum and I went over, too, and put our little paws on the window-sill, and looked back at the flushing Inez, and swelled up our little throats and barked again. We saw the broken glass lying on the outside of the window-sill, but we didn't think he was writing that in the little book.

"Mrs. Wakeman, I believe you mentioned that your maid was the last person to leave this room, before the ride?"

"Yes, sir," answered the lady. "She came here to take the baby from the bed and put on his little bonnet."

"Miss, were these two little dogs in the room when you left it?"

"I don't remember, sir."

Skippum and I were turning our little heads back and forth between the sharp-nosed man and the maid, watching their faces. We knew the question was about us, and we thought he was taking our part, and when we thought again of the stinging slaps, the shivering glass, and mamma Wakeman's red velvet jewel-bag in the deep, deep pocket of our enemy, we bow-wowed right out

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again in chorus, and looked straight at Inez.

"Oh, yes, Inez," cried the mistress; "don't you remember? You said they were racing a mouse and scared the baby."

"I don't charge my mind with the doings of two silly little dogs, to remember very long in the face of a sad affair like this!" snapped the maid, growing redder.

"That will do, miss," said the little man with the flaring ears, nodding at Inez as though she might be dismissed, and she flounced haughtily out of the room.

"Madam, you have perfect confidence in your domestics, I presume?"

"Oh, the most perfect confidence, sir. I've always trusted them with everything. Poor old Becky showed she was innocent as a lamb, and as for Inez, she was with me all the time, of course."

"I think, madam, with your permission, I will step into the kitchen and speak with the one you call Becky."

And the little sharp-nosed man stepped briskly into the kitchen, and Skippum and I hustled along after him, fairly bumping

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against each other, we felt so important in the case.

Becky left off hulling the big red strawberries she was fixing for tea, and with her plump black arms akimbo, her dusky face wearing a wise, mysterious look beneath her red turban, yet with calm, unflinching eyes on his blue-gray ones, awaited the onset.

“Rebecca, have you been in the house from the time your mistress left in her carriage to the time of her return?”

“Yes, sah, ebry minute, sah; I nebber leebed mer pose. I war jes’ done inein’ der baby’s dresses, sah.”

“Now, Rebecca, you think sharp. Didn’t you step out into the back yard, possibly to the clothes-line or somewhere, just long enough for some sneak-thief to slip in and enter the madam’s room?”

“No, sah! Dis chile knows de ’portance ob der ’zact troof, in troubl’us times like dis yar. I knows, too, dat der poo’ young mis-sus’ jules was stole wite under dis yar ole black nose ob mine, sah, — an’ it looks mighty ’spicious, — but, sah, dat black mistry am gwine ter be clared up whiter dan der snow!”

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Skippum and I watched the wary face of the questioner, and we saw his grizzly mustache twitch with a suppressed smile, and a kindly light just glimmer across his blue-gray eyes, and the comforting thought came to our little hearts that he wasn't blaming Becky. We loved her, 'cause she loved us.

Then the inquisitive little man took a turn around the kitchen; he seemed to have forgotten where to go or what to say; he stuffed his hands down deep in his pockets; he whistled the first line of the tune that Becky sung to us sometimes, "Way down upon der Swanee ribber," and studied the figure of the kitchen oil-cloth; then he threw up his head and seemed to be searching for cobwebs on the ceiling. Then he burst out on the same track again.

"Rebecca, were those two little dogs in the house when your mistress started?"

"Dey was in der house, sah, when she fust got in der carriage, an' dey was barkin' like mad."

"Whereabouts in the house?"

"In der missus' room, sah, an' tearin' back an' forfh ter der glass do'r."

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“Who was in the madam’s room then, Rebecca?”

“Der baby was, fo’ sure, sah, ’cause I heered ’is leetle voice, like as tho’ he’s greebed an’ skeert. I no dars ter go ter ’im, ’cause Miss Inez, like’s not, tole me ter mine mer nigger bizniss.”

“Did the dogs stay in madam’s room after the maid went out with the baby?”

“No, sah — dey runned out and jes’ screamed at der missus, and den, soon as eber she dribed away, dey jes tackled dis chile an put der teefh clar froo mer noo caliker. Oh, if I’d only had der brains o’ Balaam’s ass, in dis yar ole woolly head, I might ’a’ cotched der right thebe, for ’pears, sah, dey war gittin’ in ’fore Miss Inez an’ der baby got out — an’ dem leetle foh-footed critturs war bustin’ der gizzards ter tell us, an’ our ears war full ob wool.”

How relieved and proud we felt to hear Becky say this, but we grew awful scared when the sharp-eyed man said:

“Becky, do you suppose these little dogs really did put their teeth through your dress?”

“Wall, sah, dey yanked and hanged on

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it 'nuff ter chaw a piece right out on't, clare an' clean," and as she spoke Becky caught up the hem of her bright blue stiffly starched calico, which was her pride, and held it up between the little man and the light.

Alas, for Skippum and me! Sure enough, the stiff hem was not only dented over with our little sharp tooth-marks, but pulled into little crescents of eyelet-holes in several places on the right-hand side, which had been toward the sitting-room door as Becky stood ironing.

We had backed off in sudden alarm at this new turn of affairs, as the little sharp-eyed man studiously examined our mischief while he whistled the second line of Becky's tune — "Far, far, away." Our little ears and tails were slinking as we suited the action to word, and backed as far away as we could into the corner by the pantry door, which stood ajar.

"Dey knöws dey done it, sah. See how skeert dey is. Bress der honey hearts, dey's only tryin' ter tell poo' ole Becky, so der white sheep needn't suffer fo' der black one. I'se talkin' 'bout souls now, sah — not skins."

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Just then my sensitive ears caught the sound of quick, short breathing through the half-open pantry door. There was something suspicious in the sound, and glad to turn tail on the torn dress, and if possible turn the little man's attention, too, I pounced noisily into the pantry. There was a picture in a frame, for Inez's handsome face and head were in at the rear window, over the mixing-bowl, and, as she jumped hastily back, she struck the sash above her with such a bump that it caught the big ears of the little man, who, instead of following to the pantry to find nothing and see nothing, reached out quickly and opened the rear kitchen door to the north, and slipped out. I squeezed between his legs, in my zeal, as he went, and there was Inez, just disappearing around the lilac-bush at the corner, with one hand nursing the back of her head.

He never said a word; he only whistled the third line of Becky's song — "Dar's whar mer heart am turnin' ebber," and with the air of a man "dat had done settled dat sum in 'rithmetics," as Becky called it, he stalked out of the kitchen and rejoined the master and mistress. Then, looking about

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to make sure he was alone with them, even to glancing out of the rear window into the shadow of the big white lilac-bush again, he said:

“Mr. and Mrs. Wakeman, I would sincerely advise the close searching of your waiting maid, and her effects. I am certain the loss of the jewels lies with her, although she has had ample time to dispose of them — we shall not find them on her person.”

“Oh, sir! how can that be? She was with me all the time. I can’t consent to such a cruel thing, to disgrace and ruin that poor innocent girl for life. She’s above all suspicion, and of course she’d resent it terribly. I can’t lose her now, in my nervous, upset condition; she’s a perfect jewel of a girl, and I can’t even lift that heavy baby.”

The little man looked puzzled, as though, as he told papa afterwards, he could follow any clue better than he could the tortuous workings of a woman’s mind. Father Wakeman looked irresolute and helpless, recognizing the dire calamity of losing Inez, and he fell to wondering, as he confessed later on, whether to pocket the loss of a few diamonds, more or less, without further in-

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vestigation, were not better than to have the whole domestic fabric come tumbling about his ears, for he knew his pretty girl-wife had full enough to tax her strength. So he suggested:

"I feel, Mr. Seeforth, that such a move may be a little hasty. Why not examine the premises outside? We may find tracks that will point to a different conclusion"—anxious to get the little man off the servant question.

"Yes — Inez suggested that they might have jumped off the tin roof, upstairs," put in mother Wakeman.

"She suggested to me that they got in and out that broken window she discovered just as I came in," said the little man drily. "However, I see your position, Mr. Wakeman, and although we may give the guilty party some start of us, we shall, as your old cook says, 'clare up dis black mistry' in time."

"Now, Mr. Seeforth, I don't see how you can possibly suspect poor Inez, and never seem to think about Becky being right in the house all the time."

"Well, madam, we in this business can't fully explain our convictions, much better

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than these little dogs can, but we both of us are pretty sure to be right in the long run. We both come at it partly by intuition;" and he patted our heads thoughtfully as he continued:

"If Becky'd had anything to do with the loss of your jewels, she wouldn't so stoutly throw away the chance my suggestion of sneak-thieves, in her possible absence into the yard, gave her. She declares she was right in earshot every minute. But, of course, Mr. Wakeman, we will thoroughly examine the premises," and suiting the action to the word, Mr. Seeforth led the way outside, and Mr. Wakeman followed.

They began their search at the broken window, where the glass lay outside the sill, and on the moist earth, but no sign of a footprint they found; then they stood off to the rear and surveyed the whole back of the house and the low, flat roof, but all the windows were clasped, inside, above it.

Just then Skippum began to snuff and blow and paw vigorously in the grass, in the half-worn path leading to the dark oak grove beyond the garden, and some little shining thing bobbed up under his pawing feet.

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“See this — see this!” cried Mrs. Wake-man, who had followed. “They’ve dropped my little silver brooch in their flight, sure as the world. Oh, how thankful I am — that clears my poor servants, anyway! Oh, there, just look, Fairy’s found my silver hairpin!” as I tossed up a pretty crescent, set with brilliants, from the deeper grass, nearer the grove. “Just think, those dreadful men dropped these as they ran — they may be hiding somewhere now. Oh, Mr. Seeforth, I don’t know as I can ever live in sight of this dark grove; I feel as though it may be full of burglars and desperate men. Don’t you think you’d better get a big force of police, and search every inch of that woods, this very night? I can’t sleep till you do.”

But Mr. Seeforth didn’t seem much moved by the new phase. He only answered:

“What would the burglars be doing, madam? They wouldn’t stand still for a posse of men to walk over ’em. Were these things in the jewel-bag, madam?” he continued.

“No, sir; come to think of it, they just lay

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loose in the drawer. Of course, they are of no value compared with the real jewels."

"Yes, that's just it, madam," said the little man, whose keen eyes were searching the grass, where Skippum and I were prancing around and snuffing out the fallen treasures, and he gathered up some old-time studs, made from silver coin.

"You notice they spilled the poorest part of their booty, in every case. They held the mouth of the real jewel-bag right side up with care. That sort of men, making a bolt for liberty, don't wait long to sort out and scatter baubles like these, to set folks on their track. But the one who did scatter these trinkets here has left too big a hole in the grindstone — a blind man can see through that."

But I smelled tracks, and fresh ones, too, and Skippum took up the same trail. We both snuffed and ran about in our busy little way, then started forward, and the watchful man began to walk carefully and softly behind us, motioning, as he went, for Mr. and Mrs. Wakeman to remain behind. We led the way most to the deep shadows of the grove, where night was falling, com-

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ing upon a bangle bracelet and a few other trinkets as we nosed along. Then we turned off short, and backward toward the garden again, but to the outer edge, following a narrow path, where we had to go single file, into a deep, dark blackberry thicket, that had grown wild and tangled, under a knot of big blossom-laden pear-trees. The little man was following noiselessly, close behind, but we all came to a sudden standstill — there, in the heart of the thicket, stood Inez, with a white face, in the failing light, as she tried to meet his keen blue-gray eyes.

“Did you drop this bracelet, miss?” he inquired calmly, as he held up the bangle.

“No, sir; it is Mrs. Wakeman’s; the burglars must have dropped it.”

“But you walked right over it, just now, and did not seem to see it. I wish they had chanced to drop her diamond brooch and earrings instead,” and he looked steadily at her.

The girl bridled quickly and flung back at him, “They only sorted out what they cared least for, to lighten their load.”

“Or to try to throw us on the wrong

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scent," he said, never withdrawing his searching gaze till he turned slowly on his heel and moved toward the house, whistling the fourth line of Becky's song, "Dar's whar de ole folks stay," and Skippum and I followed close on his footsteps.

"I don't change my mind, Mr. Wakeman," he said, rejoining the lady and gentleman. "These trifles, scattered about very likely while we were talking together in the house, only confirm my first thought; but feeling unwilling, as you do, to suspect your maid, we can only await the next move. Meanwhile I strongly advise you to watch the young woman in question."

"I would risk my life that she is innocent, Mr. Seeforth," said Mrs. Wakeman, with great decision in her tone. But when the little man made no further comment, she gave a sigh at thought of the lost jewels, and cast a shivering glance at the black wood at the rear of the garden, and bade the little man good-evening, as the carriage awaited him, then went into the house for a good cry, to relieve her overstrained feelings.

She gave a slight start and shriek, in the gathering dark, for there was a little rustle

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close beside her. Inez was creeping stealthily through the veranda door.

"It's only me, madam; I want to do or say something to comfort you;" and she wet a velvet sponge in cologne and bathed the aching head and heated brow of her weeping mistress, and soothingly smoothed out the golden hair. "Just think, madam, though 'tis dreadful to lose those lovely jewels, how much worse it might have been; supposing they had crept in and stolen the baby!" This was a master stroke, for Inez's voice had such a scary bugaboo tone to it that even Skippum and I felt the hair rise along our little spines.

"Oh, merciful heavens! Inez, where is the baby? Where is the baby?" fairly screamed mother Wakeman.

"He's all safe, right here in his crib, where I've been watching him all the time. You were so half-distracted with that know-nothing man, quizzing round about those two silly little dogs. What does he s'pose they know, anyway? I thought best to stick to the baby, and not lose him with the rest."

Skippum and I heard her wicked, lying

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words, and we understood well enough she was speaking slightly of us, and we, too, screamed out angrily in our own language, and said:

“You’ll find out one of these fine days what we ‘two silly little dogs’ know, Miss High-and-mighty. We know — know — know, and we’ve bow-wow-wowed it all out to your little ‘know-nothing man’ already!”

Mother Wakeman jumped half out of her chair, but as the baby woke and began to cry, she said:

“Oh, you dear, good, thoughtful Inez — and his own mother forgot him! Those awful men are in that woods now, burying my bag of jewels under a tree, and if he had flown round and done his duty he might have caught ’em at it. But thank goodness they haven’t got my baby; I’ve got him left. Bring him here to me, Inez. I want to feel him right close in my arms.”

So the baby was brought, and with a sudden turn of feeling mother Wakeman laughed away her tears, and father Wakeman, when he came in just then, was quite thankful that they could gather so cheerfully around the tea-table.

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“That’s right, Imogene, cheer up! You shall have the jewels back, or I’ll buy you as many more. But that Seeforth is a regular hound for tracking game. I think too, Imogene, that instead of staying home and worrying and wondering, you had better take the two babies and run down into the country to mother’s, and I’ll follow, and let Becky and Inez have a few days’ vacation.”

“I should love to, John, but I am dreadfully afraid I should lose Inez if I let her loose. I wonder if Stella wouldn’t take her a few days, till she gets her new girl? — you know her little Ellie has just got married.”

Just then I started to hear my own mamma’s voice on the veranda. “Excuse me, Imogene, but is my little Fairy here? I never knew her to stay away from me so long, although she and Skippum both came to my room some hours ago and scolded loud and long about the iceman.”

I bounded into her arms — it seemed so good, after the strange experiences of the afternoon. I had been so excited with helping Skippum that I had forgotten it was growing late.

Then mamma listened, with wondering

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eyes, to Imogene's story of the robbery in her own and Inez's absence from the house—the loss of the diamonds and the finding of the scattered pieces; but the suspicions of the detective were withheld, out of a sense of justice to the poor girl.

And she ended with begging mamma to let Inez stay for a few days at the big white house and assist in the kitchen.. “Only,” she added, “I would like her to sleep over here in the cottage, just to have an eye to its safety. She says she isn't a whit afraid, and it will help me so much, Stella. I need a change dreadfully, only I can't afford to lose such a jewel of a girl.”

And with me right in her arms, kissing and begging her piteously about something, she knew not what, in her close attention to Imogene's story, she promised to take the naughty Inez in, out of pity for the nervous young mother. Oh, I was awfully worried when she answered, “Yes, Inez can come”; and when she came, the very next day but one, I shrank away from her and acted so strangely that mamma noticed it right away.

The first time mamma left me alone with the two-faced maid, I crept away under the

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big black-walnut bedstead, where no one could see me unless they put their heads way down to the carpet, and there I watched and waited. Sure enough, Miss Inez stopped putting the room to rights, and tiptoed over to mamma's chiffonier, and got her pretty green velvet jewel-box with the scarlet satin lining, where lay her lovely little watch papa gave her as a wedding gift, with its wreath of black enamel and sparkling rosette of diamonds on the center of the case, and her beautiful Tuscan gold bracelets, with green-and-gold enameled birds of paradise on the clasps, that papa gave her on the thirteenth anniversary of that same day, and many other precious things, nearly all his gifts.

The brazen Inez put on the pretty watch by its long, soft chain, and clasped the yellow-gold bracelets around her wrists, then waved her round white arms above her head to catch their fine effect. I could see her plainly, with my little chin lying close on the floor.

If Skippum had been there too I might have had courage to rush out and bark, but I was all alone in the great house with the

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dishonest girl. Still I determined, if I saw her starting to put dear mamma's precious gifts into her deep, deep pocket, I would fly out and fight for them, tooth and nail. Luckily the door-bell rang out sharply just that moment, the guilty Inez started as though it had been a thunder-clap, and hustled the shining jewels back into the box and started to answer the bell.

I breathed freer, but I shook and trembled with excitement and fear; and when mamma came in toward night I crept out, still shaking, and she caught me up quickly, and found me cold and shivering and in dread of something.

"There is something going wrong in this house, Aleck. I never found little Fairy hiding away so before. I fear that Inez isn't kind to her in my absence. I don't feel just satisfied about this whole affair, anyway; I wish I hadn't promised Imogene to keep her, and I believe I will apologize and ask her to take her with her, since she values her so highly. There was one thing that struck me so curiously yesterday. You remember that, when Inez waited on us at dinner, she had on the loveliest white

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dress, with the yoke and sleeves all hand-made rickrack, and the skirt with insertion of the same, half way up, and that beautiful cherry sash of watered gros-grain? Well, when Imogene missed her train and drove back unexpectedly to wait with me, Inez was nowhere to be found, although she heard me exclaim that Imogene was coming up the walk, and request that the table be relaid for a lunch for her. And when she came at last she was in a shabby old black dress, and explained that she had upset the ice-pan and drenched herself to the skin, and had to rush and change her dress; but, some way or other, it happening just as Imogene appeared so unexpectedly set me to thinking."

Mamma rose with this, still holding me in her arms, and took out her jewel-box, she hardly knew why. Could it be, I was thinking so hard about it and trying to tell her, I made her think, too? Maybe so, — we little dogs can read people's thoughts like a book, — why can't they read ours, sometimes?

She sat down and opened it on her knee, and I peeped in and nosed over the shining

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bracelets, for I could smell the naughty Inez's fingers on them still.

"'Pears to me somebody's been trying on my bracelets. I always leave them clasped around the little satin forms, to keep the delicate gold braid in shape," she said, frowning slightly, when she saw they were unclasped.

How I wished I had some way to warn her. I kissed the watch and bracelets, and I kissed her face and eyes, and I looked over to the mirror and barked, a little booing bark.

"This dog has seen somebody at this jewel-case, Aleck," cried mamma quickly, "and it's got some connection with her being so frightened and trembling when I came in to-night. I'm going to lock it right in the safe this very minute. You know I don't wear these things so very much, I am so busy." And suiting the action to the word, mamma laid me on her pillow, with a gentle caress, and walked over to a great big iron box, most as tall as she was, that stood behind a drapery in the corner, and I heard the heavy iron doors open and then shut with a bang — the jewel-box was safe.

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The very next morning, when the prying Inez tiptoed to mamma's chiffonier, all dressed, this time to make her escape to town in the absence of the family, she saw only emptiness where the jewel-box had stood. She stood stock still, with a startled, half-evil look in her glittering black eyes, which seemed to grow bigger as she whispered:

"Suspected! Suspected, ha-ha!" And then she muttered to herself, "I'll take the next train, I guess." And so she did, but the little sharp-nosed man was on that train, too, and he never lost sight of her. I heard him tell mamma afterwards how he shadowed her all that day from place to place, and when night fell how she issued forth, arrayed, like the Queen of Sheba, in Imogene's diamonds and mamma's laces. Then he thought the hour was ripe, and he walked quietly up to her with another officer and said:

"Miss Inez, you'll not be surprised to hear that you are my prisoner."

When she tried to slap and scratch at him in her sudden rage, the other officer snapped a rough pair of iron bracelets on top of all

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her borrowed jewels. Then poor vain, foolish Inez began to realize she was indeed a prisoner. She turned deathly pale at first, then she arose and surveyed herself a long time in the big mirror of the miserable saloon where they had tracked her, turning around and around, surveying her beautiful face and form, tricked out in all its stolen plumage, as though it was the last reflection she would ever behold, then gave herself up to the stern hand of the law.

She was quickly stripped of her borrowed splendor, and the deep, deep pocket, where little Skippum and I had witnessed the engulfing of the scarlet jewel-bag, soon gave up its secret. All the lost jewels were found.

Mamma had discovered the flight of Inez at noon that day, and neither she nor papa were surprised when the door-bell rang and I flew down the stairway, barking in my shrillest soprano, for I had been alertly suspicious all day. Though it was late at night the little sharp-nosed man with the keen eyes entered, and said:

“Madam, I have to inform you that I have your quondam maid in the lock-up, and you will be glad to know that the great

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and mysterious burglary is explained — the lost diamonds are recovered. And I must tell you, right now, that this little Fairy of yours, and her black-and-tan crony, put me on the right scent at the very outset.” He stooped and patted me approvingly.

“More than that — the little darling saved me the purloining, if not the utter loss, of my own jewels by her timely warning.” rejoined mamma. And she recounted my disturbed and trembling state whenever she left me alone with Inez, and the scene, the night before, which led to the locking up of her jewels.

“But, madam, I fear she has much of value in her possession which belongs to you in spite of your precautions. We could see, and in fact she admitted, as much; will you not go and examine her trunk at the station-house?”

“No,” answered mamma, “I shall prefer no charge against the poor girl, whatever I find missing, for, beside unpleasant publicity, I feel to blame that, against my own intuitions and better judgment, I re-subjected her to temptation too strong for her weak nature.

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“We all do wrong in the thoughtless practice of throwing suddenly upon some country girl, out of a home of poverty and limitations, the careless charge of costly jewels and finery, and even leave our open purses lying about, with contents unnoted. We quite forget that what to us, with our unlimited ability to purchase, possess and wear, is no temptation whatever, may be beyond their strength to resist. We must not condemn them from our own standpoint, without due pity.

“No, you may say to the poor creature that I shall prefer no charge; she has, I find, in her possession three long antique gold chains, heirlooms and keepsakes, very dear to me because they were worn by friends no longer here, which, tell her, I hope she will have the heart to restore to me, since I leave her free.”

After many weeks the three gold chains were restored, for, after many vain denials, they were found quilted in the prison garb of the unhappy girl. For, alas, poor Inez! to prison she had to go, despite mamma's leniency and the surprise and sorrow of Skippum's mistress when she found that

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the discovery had fallen where she least expected. Theft after theft accumulated, and they told sorrowfully at last how the heavy iron doors clanged gloomily over all her youth and beauty, the same as the iron doors had clanged over mamma's jewels — but not to protect nor to save.

CHAPTER IX

“THIS dog only, waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
Love remains for shining.
This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



AND now a big and happy change came into my life. Papa and mamma made themselves a beautiful home on an island by the sea. They took me with them as they paddled back and forth during its building, and I learned to love a boat as well as I did a horse. I would sit for hours in the rocking rowboat, when it was anchored, and play I was sailing; and al-

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though I didn't love the feeling of the cold water very well, for I wasn't a water-dog, still I would wade out to the boats and jump aboard.

I would play around, so happy, all day, because I could be with them on the quiet



island, and watch the white sea-gulls and swift kingfishers wheel and dart above the waves, and listen to the host of singing birds that gathered in the shady green trees, or twittered around me in the bright sunshine.

Papa nor mamma would not let a single hunter come on the island, and the seabirds

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and songsters soon found they were safe there. Even the lovely gray herons, although they are so shy and timid, came and



waded in the tall marsh grass on the shore, stalking through the shallow water with slow and stately tread, like noiseless gray shadows at sundown, craning their long

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necks and turning their black-crested heads to listen to every sound.

The cunning striped squirrels would run right past me, in and out the stable door, their little cheeks all puffed out with the corn papa left open on purpose for them, as they scurried away to hide it in their little homes for winter.

I watched the towers of the island home builded stone by stone, and finally the great cozy fireplace of stone and sea-shells, and my little heart was glad, because something told me that I could be with those who loved me so dearly more — I would not have to wait alone till nightfall, as I had in the city home, and hear that word “office” so much. There was no such thing as an office on the restful island. It was one long, bright summer dream of sunshine, and soft breezes off the sea, singing birds, perfume of roses and lilies, and sounds of sweet music at eventide.

They brought that same dear old lady we called “Grandma” to this new home, and it seemed to give her new life and strength. She, too, had kind blue eyes and soft white hair, and her face was young, like mamma’s;

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they used to bring her great armloads of the flowers, and she would fix such lovely bouquets for all the rooms.

Grandma loved the birds and flowers, and in her city home she used to feed the poor little sparrows every morning.

I used to sit on grandma's knee and listen to papa and the young folks singing at evening.

I loved music dearly, but I never tried to sing too, as some little dogs do, but when they sang mamma's song, as they called it, —

“There is an Island blest, in the shelter of the bay,
Where weary souls may rest, and drive dull care
away;

An Isle, like Venus born, tossed upward by the
sea,—

No art can e'er adorn its tree-clad hills for me!”

with all the gay and happy guests applauding, as the song went on to tell of the island eagle and his nest, the white sea-gulls, the youth-renewing draughts from Hebe's spring, the purple, wine, and gold of the sunsets o'er the sea, “like the Golden Gates ajar,” — all the things I had learned that they watched and loved in our dear island

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home,—I longed for a voice to join in the sweet refrain, but could only look from one face to the other, with my singing soul shining out of my big brown eyes.

I said I never burst out singing as some little dogs do, but there was one sweet old piano piece that made my little heart ache so. And, no matter where in the house I was, mamma couldn't play a line before she heard me coming, sobbing and pleading for her to stop. I would fly up to the piano and try to hold her hands from making the voices sing, but it was her right hand, way up among the crying voices, that I tried hardest to hold; and sometimes I would twine my little fore paws so tight around her plump arm, and pull so hard, jumping up and trying to kiss her face, that she would have to stop, and sometimes say:

“Fairy, Fairy, you are hurting mamma.”

And I would leap up in her lap, and try to divert her from beginning again by twining my little fore arms around her neck, and pressing my satiny cheeks, first over one eye and then the other, so she could not see.

They all wondered what made me feel so at this one tune when I enjoyed all

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the rest. I couldn't tell myself, only it seemed some way as though I had heard it in some sad dream, years and years ago, when my heart was aching, and I tried so hard to remember when and where.

But usually I sat so still mamma would



let me come to most everything in the big reception room—the musicales, the art clubs, and the literaries, as they call them; and the ladies would always take time to give me a caress and call me a little beauty. Mamma used to say, “Oh, how blessed it would be if every forsaken little child, every neglected, lonely heart, of dog or human, could only

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grow in grace in this air of perpetual love and approval!"

I even attended my cousin Elsie's wedding and wore a great cream-white double bow of ribbon, which just matched my ivory neck and breast, and set forth my tawny eyes and ears and golden-brown shoulder-cape.

When I saw the company giving their hands to the bride and groom, I ran too, and stood before them. Cousin Elsie stooped down, in all her lovely lace and flowers and long fleecy veil, that fell over me, while she patted me and said, "Dear, dear little Fairy!" I thought there was a little quiver in her voice, and I kissed her white-gloved hand, while the other guests smiled.

Four long, bright summers glided away, and dear grandma was with us; but the last summer she could not wander around the lovely island with me any longer. Her steps grew feebler and her white head bowed lower. Still, she was always cheery and smiling; and when mamma would awake in the rosy sunrise, and go to her room with a cup of hot milk, I would patter along after and jump on the bed and kiss her thin,



*“Cousin Elsie stooped down, in all her lovely lace
and flowers and long, fleecy veil.”*

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white hand, to say "good-morning." She would look up and smile so sweetly on mamma, and say:

"My poor, dear child! you must not worry so much about me; I don't suffer one bit of pain, and if I lie awake, I have such pleasant dreams of my childhood. Clearer and clearer things come back to me that happened almost eighty years ago — and for this very reason we can't make childhood too happy.

"I was thinking this very morning how, when I was a little tot, not more than three years old, I got in the grain-room with my little curly-headed brother, Samuel, and we dipped our chubby hands into the great bins of oats and barley and corn, and tossed the grain back and forth in showers over each other, till the whole floor was strewn with a hopeless mixture. We never thought how naughty we were, until the door opened and our father, over six feet and seven inches tall in his stocking feet, stood on the threshold, looking at us. I know now, better than I could then, what a handsome man he was; I can see just as plain this minute as I could then his high, white forehead and

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fine brown hair curling around it, and his kind blue eyes, as he stood there, never speaking a word, but looking so grieved and sad. Our fun was all over that moment; we stood in the midst of the mischief we had wrought, two little, guilty culprits with downcast heads.

“Then he called us, trembling, to him, and pointed to all the ruined grain and told us how hard he had worked, ploughing, sowing and reaping, and winnowing, in the heat and in the cold, to bring it all there, nicely stored for the winter’s use. Long before he had ended, we were wailing pitiously in our pain and sorrow at what we had done.

“I can see now why he did not punish us; he saw we were punished enough already. Dear father! He had to go and leave his flock of eight little children when I was only eight years old and sister Minerva, the eldest, only ten,” grandma would add with a sigh.

One funny thing happened that summer, that made grandma and all of them laugh. One hot August evening the sky grew black as ink, and the wind whistled around the



"We dipped our chubby hands into the great bins."

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stone tower in mamma's room when we went to bed. I had never been afraid in a storm, so I went to sleep with the rest, — my little chin in papa's hand, — to the sound of the swaying oak-trees and the waves plashing on the shore. But suddenly, at midnight, I was startled wide awake by a blue glare of flashing light, which showed the sea churned into white foam, and the salt spray, lifted by the fierce wind, driven straight in at the open window, followed by the rattle and crash of hailstones, that came dashing across the chamber floor; while over all was a heavy rumble and roar that jarred the great house. I would not have been afraid, even then, only mamma flew so quickly from room to room to secure the windows. She went to cousin Elsie's room and said:

“Elsie, you are sleeping right under the tall flag-staff, and as you are a little timid anyway, perhaps you had better go to grandma's room and lie down with her on her old-fashioned feather-bed, which they call a safeguard in a tempest.”

No sooner did I hear the words “grandma's room” and “feather-bed,” every word of which I understood as well as any little

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girl five years old could have done, than I ran trembling through the dark corridor and plunged under the blankets, to the very foot of grandma's bed.

I heard grandma say, so soothingly, to cousin Elsie:

"There is nothing to fear, my child; our Heavenly Father, who marks the sparrow's fall, is watching over us, and He will not call us till our work here is finished."

The next morning the sunlight gilded the dancing waters of the bay and the glistening dewdrops in the oaks and pines; the lilies around Hebe's fountain were opening their great golden hearts of perfume. No trace of the wild, dark storm could be seen — was it all a dream? No, for they all laughed and laughed at breakfast, when grandma told of her little panic-stricken visitant of the night, who had heard and obeyed so promptly the order to take refuge in her feather-bed: and all that summer, when I saw that flashing light and heard even the distant growl in the sky, I ran as fast as my little feet would carry me and buried myself in this ark of refuge.

Poor, dear grandma! The next summer

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I went again and again to her silent room,
with its lovely great window, which was



built expressly for her to look out upon the
whole sweep of the beautiful bay, and I
would peer at the unpressed pillow, then go

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and put my little fore paws on the arm of her vacant chair, and look with my great inquiring eyes in mamma's face, till the sudden tears would dim her sight; for she was thinking how in the drear March days the Father's call had come — grandma's work was well done.

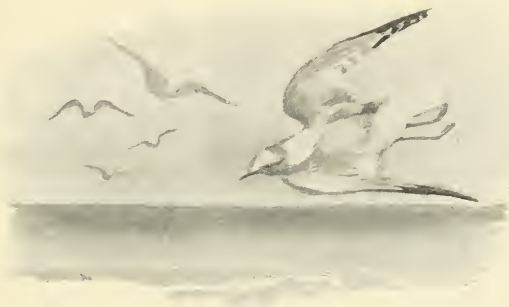
Mamma seemed sadder that summer, and I knew it better than any one else. I used to creep close to her heart when we were alone and lay my little head softly against one cheek and then the other, over and over, to tell her how I loved her, and how sorry I was for her. We would sit that way together and watch the great red sun go down into the sea, and away off in the sky-country she said we could see a brighter land, through golden gates, with purple waves and rose-lit sails and beauteous isles of eternal rest, and the changing forms of "many mansions."

And mamma pondered in her heart and would repeat the sweet, comforting words dear grandma had spoken in that chill March morning, while the Angel of Parting waited by the hearth-stone. She could hear again the sweet, tremulous voice repeating:

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““In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also.””

She said hers was the steadfast faith that had lighted her feet for over eighty years, even down to the brink of the silent river,



and mamma recalled how often in childhood she had heard grandma say:

“Our loving Christ will do His work well; we can trust Him for that; we shall meet and know our true friends there; we shall be made as happy as we are capable of being, but we must put selfishness out of our hearts; and if beautiful homes, and trees, and flowers, and singing birds, and horses, and dogs, and household pets are necessary to our full

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happiness here, they may be there, in glorified form. He will leave nothing lacking in His promised work of preparing a home for His children who love Him."

CHAPTER X

“I HOPE that yet some happy days
We'll capture, you and I,
And golden stables shall be yours,
In Heaven, by and by.”
WILL CARLETON. (*By Permission.*)

THE next summer papa thought that the faithful old bay mare, Nellie, had done work enough to earn a rest in her old age, so he sent her to lead a free and easy life on grandma's old ancestral homestead — to roam and graze in the broad green fields by the pleasant streams, and amble, now and then, to the country church and store and post-office for gentle exercise.

He said that no horse of his, who had been a faithful, loving member of the family as old Nellie had been, and been intrusted for years with the safety of all, should ever be sold off to suffer to death by inches among heartless buyers who were bound to get the last dollar out of her.

A couple of years before papa had brought

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home a tall, long, chestnut mare, named Dora Dutton, to relieve old Nellie of most of the carriage-driving. Mamma used to laugh and say Dora must be half camel, she was so docile and homely. But, when occasion required, she could throw out her great long fore legs in fine style and make the carriage



fairly spin. She looked really handsome when she struck this flying gait — I thought so, anyway, as I sat proudly on the seat beside papa.

What a proud day it was for me when they brought home to the island a handsome chestnut mate for Dora, and named him Don, and with him a brand-new russet-lined carriage. I took the very first ride be-

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hind the pair, all in their new harness and white collars and brown-tasseled fly-nets.

Don was only a big, overgrown colt, papa said — only five years old; but he watched Dora, and tried to do just as she did, and they made a gentle, handsome pair on the road. When a boy on a bicycle darted by, an automobile or, worst of all, a screaming steam-engine with the roaring train went thundering past, Don trembled and crouched at first. But when he saw his mate all calm and fearless, he gained courage and stood bravely beside her, his sensitive ears pointing nervously, listening first to the hissing steam of the engine, which seemed like a great fiery dragon to him, then back, to catch papa's encouraging words: "Whoa, Donnie; its a-l-l right, Donnie; see, Dora don't mind — that's a good boy!" And so he kindly taught him, till he was as brave and gentle as she.

Once, when the horse-doctor came to file Dora's teeth, where they had become sharp and cut against her cheeks, so she could not eat well, Don pushed up and stuck his nose in the doctor's face and opened his mouth,

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to try to tell him to do the same to him. Papa laughed and said:

“Give him a little dose of it, doctor, and see how he likes it.” But Don stood still and never winced at the rasping file, he was so anxious to share everything with Dora. I was dreadfully worried, for I loved the horses so. I darted suddenly up and nipped the horse-doctor on the calf of the leg, just enough to let him know there was somebody there to defend them if he went too far. I made him jump, and he looked down quickly, but only laughed when he saw me showing my little white teeth at him, and said:

“What do you s’pose a little mite like you can do about it? You can’t scare anybody — shall I fix your little pin-points?” and he made a motion with his file toward my nose.

Then I barked and scolded fearfully at him, for my little heart felt big and strong as a giant’s, with love and care, and I scared him too, for he put away his pokey old iron and said, “They are all right now,” and away he rode.

Once before, in the city home, when mamma had hurt her shoulder by a fall on

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the stairs and papa hurried in with a strange doctor, I sprang on the pillow beside her and showed my pearly teeth, trying to growl like a big bulldog. And when the strange doctor began to pull her poor hurt arm about, I could see she was in great pain, so I leaped upon his hands and tried to pull them away with my sharp teeth and claws, and papa had to take me out of the room. But I screamed and scolded at the door with all my little might; and the first time the maid went through to wait upon them, I squeezed in after her and flew upon the bed again. But mamma was laughing then, and gathered me close in her well arm and called me her little sweetheart. The doctor was looking at papa and saying, "You heard that shoulder go into the socket with a snap — it's all right now!"

I knew what the last four words meant, and I fell to kissing mamma with all my might, I was so glad to see her safe and the color coming back in her cheeks again. The doctor had big black eyes and a black mustache and I thought he looked like a dangerous man; but when he patted my head and said;

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“Some dogs know more than some men,” and I heard all talking together so pleasantly, I felt less worried. Still, I watched him sharply and scarcely winked till he went away.

But near neighbor to our island home was a good doctor whom I learned to love dearly, he was so kind to all little helpless things. He had been a great surgeon once, in a big city far away, and had lost his health working so hard among the poor people in the hospitals and going without his sleep. He became so ill they did not know as he would live to get here, and they had to bring him slowly, laid on a litter, down here to the beautiful bright sea. They carried him aboard his own boat, the *Nhita*, and laid him in the fresh air and sunshine, with the great white sail flapping over him. He began to drink in life and health, — slowly at first, but surely, — and aunt Mary, who lived right aboard the yacht with him, and nursed him, and called no lot hard could he be spared to her, began to hope, as the summer days drifted slowly by and he began to have strength to sail the boat up and down the lovely bay, or to go ashore among the

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wooded hills that overhung the sea, to select some beautiful spot for a home, in this balmy, health-giving air.

Luckily, they found the loveliest crest of hills, covered with pines and cedars, right next my island home, and aunt Mary called it "Cedar-crest."



They commenced to build their home just where they looked over to the red bridge, where we drove across with Don and Dora. To the right was the island with its lovely winding Current River, a blue arm of the sea separating it from a smaller island which lay before them; off to the left was a pretty village of summer cottages and an old-time

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wharf, with its anchored fleet, or flock of white sails scudding out to the broad expanse of sea and sky beyond, fringed on either side with jutting spurs of pine-clad hills. I knew this dear home well later, but neither family guessed, when these two homes were finished, how close they would grow to each other.



CHAPTER XI

“HE who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man. There is another world!
For all that live and move, — a better one,
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ONE fall, they took me with them to a great city and a big house, where lots of strangers seemed to live together. We did not climb the stairs, but rode up in a cushioned box that went straight up inside an iron cage. Mamma said, before we got out of the carriage:

“I shall keep little Fairy under my cloak, for maybe the other people in the house may take a notion against a dog, but they will never know it when she is once in my room, she is such a quiet little thing.” So I curled all out of sight under her cloak till she got into her parlors. Then she put me down, and I was so pleased to see the rugs

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and pictures and big, soft arm-chairs, I knew had come from my old city home, I waggled and skipped about, all over everything. I felt so big and proud, I said:

“What is the use of hiding under mamma’s cloak, or anywhere else? I’ll go right out now and tell that big man who runs that funny riding-box that I’m not one bit afraid of him.”

So I wiggled out through the door, past the bags the hackman was passing in, and rushed right up to the cage, just as a lady and a little boy were flying up in the box. I spatted my feet on the hard oak floor and sung out in my high singing key, with my tail wagging to give emphasis, same as I did to the “monkey-man,” as I called him, when he came to the Island.

I always knew the music of the “monkey-man,” no matter how distant the sound. I was wild with excitement, and rushed to see the funny little hairy man, with his bright-colored coat and cap, who danced on the box of music, or climbed his master’s shoulder and caught the pennies we threw.

Now when mamma heard my little voice in the hall, she came out quickly and caught

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me up in her arms. I knew I had been naughty and stopped singing right away, but mamma had caught sight of another little grizzly dog, with a mop of hair over his eyes, like little Frowzelly, so she knew I was not the only one in the house.

Finally she was much puzzled to see the same little boy riding up and down from day to day, and week to week, with many different dogs, from tiny terriers and poodles to great noble Newfoundlands and St. Bernards. But upon inquiry she was delighted to find that the dear little fellow belonged to what he called "The Band of Mercy."

And he was pledged to be kind to all helpless creatures. He was not contented with that alone, but went out in the great city, and wherever he found a poor lost dog, large or small, he brought it home with him, and fed it and cared for it, then took it to a home which noble hearts had founded, where these lost pets could be sheltered till they could be recovered by those who anxiously sought them, or find other kind hearts to take them in.

Mamma used to say, "What a dear little boy, and what a noble work he is doing!"

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He is sure to grow up a great and good man, he thinks so much more of saving these poor little dogs than he does of his play. The world will know and bless his name some day, for his heart will grow big with pity for all God's creation."

Papa got the cutest thing that winter, — a "magic lantern" he called it, — that would make little pictures into great big real ones, all over the big sheet mamma would hang up across the whole end of the parlor. And stormy winter evenings they would stay home with me, and invite the little life-saver boy and his kind mamma, and other friends from other parts of the big house. And the little boy and I just held our breath, as I sat in the chair beside him and one of his little foundlings, to see the beautiful great pictures papa made.

I thought they were truly real, and when it was all dark in the great parlor, and out of the black darkness we could see the lovely big Scotch collie dog crying all alone beside his dear master who never could wake any more to pat his silky head, or give him a kind word, or buckle on his own sword, or don his fallen plume, — for he couldn't feel

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the touch of that gentle paw above his breast, — I felt so sorry I cried out too, partly because all the rest were so sad and still. I could feel their tears in the dark, and the little life-saver boy was sobbing softly too, so mamma had to soothe us. She called the poor dear doggie “Land-seer’s Only Mourner,” but all the little dogs in the world ought to weep for such a friend to their kind, who can never wake any more. Then the taper burned away out, and the collie was crying in the black dark, and his master’s sleep grew deeper and deeper.

Then, all at once, a red light blazed out of a blacksmith’s forge, and a big dappled-red horse, who looked just like dear old Nellie, stood under the black cobwebbed roof, by the anvil, with her head turned around towards us, and the great burly man with his leather apron, who had grabbed up her slender hind foot, was just going to rap it with a hammer. She was saying:

“Handle me with care, old fellow, or you’ll worry this dear dog friend of mine, and you might come to grief.” And she lay back her delicate ears, in gentle warning.

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And there he was, sure enough! — one of the most worried, anxious-looking doggies, sitting dangerously close behind the smith, and anxiously watching “The Shoeing of the Bay Mare.” He never winked, he watched his every move so closely for fear he would drive a nail too deep, or burn her faithful foot with a red-hot shoe; but I bow-wowed right out loud at him, for I thought it was old Nellie, and mamma had to hush me.

Then grand old castle walls and stone towers and creeping ivy came out through the dusky beams and the red light of the forge, and the saddest steed we ever saw stood in the castle yard. He hung his head so low and crouched as if to pray the earth to open and take him in. He couldn’t speak in words, but he told us just the same:

“My heart is breaking for *him* and for *her*, for I come back riderless.” Then we looked up and saw that another heart was breaking too, for a lovely lady on the balcony above, waiting to meet somebody she loved, was reeling backward, fainting, at sight of the “Empty Saddle.”

Then the poor mourning steed’s head

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sank lower and lower — he melted away; the blanching face of the lovely lady faded into a desolate plain of trampled snow, dappled with strangest blood-spots, and men lay there sleeping, cold and white and still. Could they have put each other to sleep?

Nobody was awake, only one poor lonely charger, whose fallen master still clasped the rein in his white fingers. The chill winter winds tossed the steed's snow-white mane over his drooping head that hung so sorrowfully near the hand he loved. He might have torn his rein from the light clasp, and flown to warmth and safety, but no! he would stand on, in the falling night and gathering snow, faithful to that fallen master's lightest touch, till he too sank to sleep, starving, freezing, — "Forgotten."

Oh, how our hearts ached for him, and mamma said he was only one of thousands of faithful horses, suffering the wars and woes of men, with never a voice to plead for them — only when some master-hand, like Landseer, Bonheur, Waller, Noble, and others like them, revealed in scenes like these their more than human devotion.

And mamma went on to say, while the

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trampled snow-field, with its pale-faced sleepers and white, waiting steed, with wind-blown mane, faded like mist from our sight:

“These great painters have drawn the spirit of their pictures from the noble, loving nature of the animals they delineate and their own insight into them, and our homage to their work is in due proportion to our own insight into and acquaintance with these faithful lives God has placed in our keeping, to aid and comfort us. Neither are they ours alone — they belong to Him, and He will require them at our hands, the same as our fellow man’s.”

I had never seen any of these kind men mamma was talking about; they had never been down to our island; but now I had seen some of their noble horses and dogs, who could talk and cry just like people, I put all she told us about them into my little story.

CHAPTER XII

“WHEN thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels, what my breaking heart
would say;
Although he cannot speak
I’ll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than old dog Tray.”

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

THE very next day our dear doctor and aunt Mary came from Cedar-crest to visit us in the city, and I was so happy when all four sat down in the warm, sunny bay with me. They told how their old dog, Sportum, had staid home to take care of the “house,” as they told him, and Dannie, the man, would come every day to feed him and Kitty, the horse. I learned to know and love old Sportum very dearly afterwards.

The next morning we found everything white with the falling snow, and we all had to stay in. Mamma remarked that I had

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outgrown my little blue-and-gray blanket, and aunt Mary said at once:

“Oh, how I wish you had the stuff for a new one, now we are snow-bound; what a nice chance it would be for me to make it.”

“I shall take you at your word, aunt Mary,” said mamma, “for I have got the loveliest things to make it, which I bought at Christmas — only she is such a little witch to fit anything to, I am afraid you will find it a big undertaking.”

“Oh no, it will be lots of fun,” said aunt Mary, as she brought out a small cutting-table from a corner and set it up in the center of the floor. “Aunt Mary” was the pet name she called herself to me, and my little heart was soon captivated with her laughing brown eyes and cheery way. She never put me off her lap, even when she was handling silk floss or fine embroidery or lace, and now when she called, “Come here, little Fairy, and let aunt Mary make you a lovely new blanket,” I jumped gaily on the cutting-table and stood up before her, wagging my tail, and turning back my slender head and neck to kiss her, and twisting my little body into a dozen shapes, as she started

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to fit me to some light lining cotton, just to get a good pattern. She tried on my old blanket to see where it was too short and too tight, and where I needed extra thickness to protect my delicate breast from the winter's cold.

I understood the whole thing just as well as any little child could have done, and I tried to stand still, only I felt so grateful to my sweet cloak-maker I had to bob around to kiss her every moment, and my little eel-like figure was in a score of shapes. But finally mamma declared that aunt Mary had a splendid fit, and the lovely new materials — a seal-brown corduroy, with an old-gold satin lining, some fluffy brown fur to trim it around the neck, and some cunning gilt buttons to close and trim it double-breasted — were all laid out on the table. I kissed everything as aunt Mary held it up to admire, and when they put me down on the carpet, while they spread the new pattern on the velvet, I stood up and watched, with my little fore paws on the edge of the cutting-table, I was so pleased and excited.

I stuck tight to aunt Mary every minute, nestling in her lap all the time she was bind-

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ing the pretty blanket and making the cunning buttonholes for the little gilt buttons. Whenever she put it out of her hands to go to lunch or dinner, she found me lying on it, needle and all, on her return, I was so afraid something would run away with it.

When it was nearly finished, and she tried it on to see just where to set the buttons, I fairly swaggered about the room, holding my pretty head high above the fluffy fur collar, bridling it from side to side, and prancing and curveting, same as I had seen Don and Dora do when papa said they felt fine as a fiddle. It was a long time before I could steady down enough to let aunt Mary take it off, to set the finishing stitches, and they had a good laugh at my proud little antics.

The doctor called me over to the bay window and showed me a big, blue-coated man, with shiny buttons, walking slowly past, and said:

“Does Fairy see that g-r-e-a-t — b-i-g policeman? He’ll go for those bad boys that s-t-e-a-l little dogs!”

I swelled up my little throat and barked a big “Bow-wow-wow!” that I thought.

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sounded like an awfully big dog, and spat on the window glass at him, and leaped about on my little hind feet, to show how I would like to take a hand in some great *melée* between little dogs and bad men and boys. I had caught at part of the idea, but was mixed as to the exact part of the "policeman," as appeared, greatly to the doctor's amusement, a half-hour later.

When the
ket was
I was du-
in it, and
with the
papa for a
The storm had



new blan-
completed
ly arrayed
started out
doctor and
little walk.
cleared away,
and the sun shone out over the banks of
snow shoveled from the sidewalks. I felt
so proud and self-conscious in my new coat,
and big blue satin bow, and blue velvet collar,
all set around with sparkling blue stones, and
tinkling bells in the shape of golden acorns,
that my feet could scarcely touch the side-
walk. Everybody looked and laughed at me;
I grew happier and prouder every minute, and
longed to do some brave and glorious deed.

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That very moment I caught sight of several big, blue-coated men, with brass buttons, one of the head ones the very man the doctor had shown me, coming up the street, tramp — tramp — tramp, — all stepping together. Quick as a flash I charged down upon them, as though to arrest their progress. I fairly screamed at them, and nipped at their heavy-booted feet, only retreating step by step to escape their onward march. The big men didn't look scared, as I thought they would; instead of that they only laughed, and the head man said:

“Ho! ho! you little midget, don't eat us up. What sort of a fur-bearing animal are you?” The whole crowd were much amused at my bold escapade and my funny look in my new blanket, set off by my bravado airs. Papa called me back, and the doctor saw that I had got a little mixed between his talk to me of “policemen,” “bad boys,” and “little dogs,” when I attacked these stalwart guardians of law and order.

I was not willing to have my little blanket taken off when I got home, but they said I would be too warm; so mamma hung it up on a high peg on the closet door, where I went

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and looked at it many times, to see if it was all safe. Always, when papa took his hat and cane, as though he were going out, I rushed and tried to reach it.

One bright spring morning the traveling-bags were brought in, and I knew in a moment that we were going to our lovely island; for I sniffed inside of them and I could tell they had been there six months before — my long, slim nose was very keen. Mamma was hurrying about and could not notice me much, till she heard the jingle of my little bells, and saw me climbing to her dressing-bureau, trying to reach my little collar without tipping over anything else, for I never broke anything. She took it down for me, and I stuck my little head through quickly, so as to help her. I pawed my dear blanket down from the hook, but I knew I could not get it on alone, so I lay down upon it for a while, hoping she would notice me.

Then I began to shiver and tremble for fear they were going away without me, so I ran and climbed into the traveling-bag. Mamma came soon to pack it, and she said to papa:

“Just see this dear little thing! She is so

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afraid she sha'nt go;" and she showed him how still I lay, to let her shut me in the dark bag. Then she took me out, and I tried to lift up the corner of the lunch-basket, to climb in there, so as to be sure to be aboard somewhere.

Papa said, "Give me poor little Fairy's blanket; I will put it on her, then she will know she is going, and rest easy."

He said his fingers were all thumbs, and I kissed him so wildly, and waggled my little body so fast, he had hard work to find the pretty buttons, but finally we were all ready, and were soon aboard the rushing train, flying away down to the sea-side.

I lay good and still on the seat beside papa, or sat up to see the trees and farm-houses flying past, or turned around to look back at the people in the car. The tired little babies in their mothers' arms would stop fretting and reach their little hands out to me — I never met a little child who did not love me and reach out to pat my silky head with its chubby hands.

As the train got nearer and nearer the station for our dear island I would fly up, every time the train-man called out, and lap

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papa on the ear, and then peer anxiously out of the car-window, for I was so afraid he would forget to get out at the right place. But in a few moments we got there; papa



took the lunch-baskets, I sprang into mamma's arms, and we alighted.

Mamma said, "Let us start right out and walk, this lovely morning, and let the carriage come later with our bags and baskets.

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Little Fairy will enjoy it so after being shut in all winter," and so we started out.

My little heart fairly bounded for joy. I raced hither and thither across the roadway, before the swift barn-swallows that skimmed so near my head. I could feel the fanning of their blue-black wings in their saucy flight around and around me; and the little bluebirds swung on the tip-top of the graceful cedars, singing their sweetest, gladdest songs.

Soon a turn in the road, as we emerged from the woods, brought us in full sight of our dear Island Haven, with its stone towers and chimneys rising above the trees on the high western point of the island, and below it, against the green wooded bluff, the pretty Oriental pavilion, on the water's edge, with its fleet of boats at anchor.

I dashed across the bridge, under which the rising tide was flowing fast, and up the high hill ahead of them. Then I waited, for papa and mamma always stopped a moment, in the spring coming, to look over the broad, blue bay, with its green islands, and before us, near at hand, at the home we loved so well. Mamma said, "How sweet

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and restful it all is, after the roar and rattle and stifling air of the city. Little Fairy is as glad as we are."

Then we started down the slight decline, through the tall cedars and budding sumachs, toward the house. Just at that moment the flapping of wings sounded through the cedars. I heard it first, and stood still, with my little ears pricked high and one foot uplifted.

Papa and mamma looked quickly to the right, and, through the feathery green, caught sight of what I was staring at with unblinking eyes.

A great, glossy bird, standing there erect, with long beak, broad white breast, wings dappled with brown and black, and a dark golden-green head and neck, which glistened in the checkered sunlight.

"Hist!" whispered mamma, stopping short. "There's a splendid wild goose. Don't scare him — let us get a good look at him."

He eyed us with great, fiery eyes, and, far from being scared himself, he made up his mind to give us a scare. What right had these people, with that queer-looking little

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four-footed creature, to come on his island, where he had roosted about all winter, and strutted around and around on the veranda, "monarch of all he surveyed," like Robinson Crusoe.

So up he flew with a great rushing of his wide, strong wings, and a harsh, "Conk-conk-conk!" through his yellow beak — and down he swooped, right in our faces.

Papa whacked him with his umbrella, the only thing he had, and it sounded as though he was beating a feather-bed. As he landed in the driveway he started for me with his sharp beak wide open, his red tongue hissing and darting out at me.

I thought it, as people say,

 "Better far to run away,
 And live to fight another day,"

than to give battle to so strange an enemy, so I started down the hill, fast as my fleet little feet would carry me, the huge bird, with flapping wings, half flying, half running and with outstretched beak, in close pursuit.

Dear mamma, regardless of her own danger, plucked handfuls of feathers from his broad back in her efforts to restrain him; and she gave a sharp cry of fear as he caught



*“I started down the hill, fast as my fleet little feet
would carry me.”*

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the back edge of my little blanket, which really saved my tender flesh.

At that instant papa got ahead and gave him such a solid whack with the umbrella that he turned his attention to him, while mamma knelt down in the driveway and bowed over me, so the fierce bird could not possibly reach me again, and shielded her face with her arms. She feared he would pluck at my beautiful eyes; yet she did not realize till afterward the great danger we were all in, for a wild goose will break a man's arm with one blow from his powerful wing, so a hunter afterward told us; but papa gave him such stout battle that he flew off, conking angrily, into the bay, and we reached the house in safety.

A few moments later, when mamma went to set a can of cream on the north piazza, there was Mr. Goose again, standing on the door-step and hissing at her. She retreated, pell-mell, into the house. Papa grabbed a new broom out of the kitchen and went out, and had a regular go-round with the old fellow, ruffling up his feathers with a good pummeling, before he took wing and sailed off into the bay again.

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"I'll teach that goose that I've some rights around here yet!" he said to mamma, breathing hard after his sharp tussle. "I could put an end to his career mighty quick, but I don't wish to hurt him — any more than to teach him to let us alone."

"What a strange thing!" said mamma. "I can see where he has been marching around the house and island all winter. He just thinks it belongs to him and we have no right to be here."

"I think he is a wild goose the Jacobs boys, across the bay, tried to tame for what they call a 'coy goose' to call the others, and I don't wish to hurt him if I can help it," said papa.

"No, he is a handsome fellow, and I'd like to see him around if he would only be a little more civil," said mamma.

But I kept saying, "Boo! boo! boo!" short and sharp — I thought he was an awfully bad goose.

Papa started out again, picking up a fence-rail as he went; to be ready for Mr. Goose, should he return to give battle, and walked up the steep grassy hillside overlooking the

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bay. We ran to the southeast window to see what would happen.

Sure enough, with great flapping of wings and loud, threatening cries, up sailed the old fellow, circling above the hill-top, and making a fierce swoop for papa, but he gave him a settler with the fence-rail that sent him spinning over the bluff. Only poor papa lost his balance too, striking out so heavily with his unwieldy weapon, and, pitching headlong, slid on his plump stomach half-way down the hill, over the dry, slippery grass. He scrambled to his feet pretty lively, for the old goose was up and on him again. He saw, too, that he had broken his watch-chain and torn off his handsome topaz charm, an old heirloom he cherished, in his fall. He told mamma afterwards:

“I was beginning to get my dander up, I can tell you, and I didn’t feel quite so careful of that old goose when I saw him making a dive to swallow my big topaz. I had got kind o’ riled, sliding down hill on my stomach, with him flapping and conking behind me.”

He got on his feet just in time to save himself, caught up the fence-rail and dealt a

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second swinging blow to the thoroughly maddened goose, which again retreated to the water below.

About this time two young men, who had been pulling hastily out in a rowboat from the opposite shore, came within speaking distance, and called out:

“It’s time we dispatched that old fellow, Mr. B——. We don’t want to give our good neighbors such trouble as this.”

“Oh no!” called papa, “don’t shoot him on my account. I think he and I will arrive at an understanding after a while.”

The two young men were the Jacobs boys, and this was their “’coygoose,” as papa had guessed — old Billy Honks, the neighbors called him.

“Yes, yes. We are bound to end it,” they called back. “He lamed another man all up last week; and broke a dog’s leg; and swooped down on neighbor Ring’s old horse, which ran away and smashed his wagon. Then he went over and raced ’Squire Ephraim’s cows till they lost every drop o’ milk, and t’other day he sailed over and pulled half the feathers out our old tame white goose we got him for a mate. It’s high time

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we put an end to his goings on, before he half kills somebody.”

“Boys, I beg of you not to shoot! It will distress Mrs. B—— far more than anything the goose will be likely to do to annoy us.”

One of the brothers had raised his gun to take aim at the defiant bird, who was sailing along on the water and giving vent to his ill-temper in harsh, conking cries, but at this plea of papa's he lowered the gun again, looking abashed and puzzled at the awkward predicament he was getting himself and good neighbors into by his attempt to tame this wild fowl of the air, since they would not consent to his death. Just then, as the boat was rolling around in the strong, swift eddies, an oar slipped from the rowlock; the young man made a sudden move to save it, but in so doing dragged his weapon across the gunwale—Bang! Splash! A shower of shot ploughed up the water around old Billy Honks, glancing dangerously near the bluff where papa was standing.

Now Billy Honks knew, well enough, what a gun was, and when he saw his best friends handling one so carelessly as to

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deafen his ears and singe the glossy green feathers on his proud head, although unhurt, his righteous wrath knew no bounds. He arose majestically above the water, high in air, with a fierce cry that sounded far out to sea toward the sunset; then he descended toward the fragile craft as if himself shot out of a catapult, and before the astonished Jacobs boys could realize that he dared do such a thing, he struck them a full fifty-pounder, knocking the shotgun out of their hands with a whiz into the briny waves, while the little skiff whirled like a top with the shock of his savage momentum.

Up rose the indignant goose again, circling threateningly above them, while they cowered with upraised oars to ward off a second onslaught.

Billy Honks peered down with fiery eyes. He knew he had disarmed his ungrateful captors, and given them a sound buffeting. Suddenly, above him, a dim V line darkened the evening sky, and the startled conk of his wild mates, flying swiftly to northward, reached his keen ear. A new sense of power and longing filled his breast. He had called helplessly, for two years, toward

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the sky, for these free rangers to come down to the little bay where his clipped wings held him captive; but they were ever wary of the cruel gunner. Now he would go to them.

His bosom heaved with a vague longing for a wider sphere than the little seaside hamlet. He was weary with belligerent encounters with its denizens, biped and quadruped. Why not look down upon the world at large? With that he called after the north-bound flock in a changed voice, and vaulted higher and higher.

“Now, Mister, you can see the gratitude o’ that old feller. Our gun is in the bottom o’ the sea — another one o’ his confounded capers. Blame take him! we haven’t been able to get nigh him to clip his wings this spring, and he doesn’t mean we shall, neither.” And they gazed indignantly after Billy Honks, clear cut, with wide-spread pinions, against the northern glow.

“Now, boys, it isn’t so bad as it might have been, all things considered. You might have hit old Billy when you didn’t mean to, or me either for that matter, and if you can dive like ducks, as I’ve seen you do for a

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boat-mooring in December, I guess you can bring that gun up at low tide in April. We can tell, into three feet, of just where it lies."

"Yes," they said ruefully, "but 'tisin't going to do it any good to soak there in salt water all night; and no knowing what that infernal goose'll do next."

"Well, boys, I wouldn't worry about him; you meant all right. I shall have to say good-night now, but I'll be out in the gray of the morning, when the tide is down, to help you fish for the gun."

Old Billy Honks was still winging away to the northward. He had left the familiar bay, the little island with its castle he had fondly called his own for months, behind him. The only soul to share it with him had been a little brown owl who roosted in the stone-work of the tower above the entrance. She had startled the newcomers that very day by fluttering wildly down, with a blind rush, when they slid the bolt in the door, but they only said, "Oh, that's the dear little owl, on guard; strange we have to jump so every time we meet her."

Billy Honks philosophized some to himself. Mankind had never shown much love

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for him, nor had he for them. A sense of injury at their hand stirred in his hot heart. He was getting a little wing-weary for want of practice, although he was exultant at the speed at which he had accomplished his first mile inland.

For now he looked down upon the long, straight line of the railroad track, cutting through the pine and oak woods, and saw the twinkling lights of the little country grocery store and post-office combined, over against the station.

The glowing lamp of the country grocery store, with its tin reflector, was the spark that kindled the fuse to his belligerent spirit. For he knew that many an old adversary of his made it his headquarters; he had never been able to fly there till now, but he had propelled himself by half-winged foot-power over the forest road to its well-worn door-sill before, and he knew the village denizens were gathering there tonight.

Inside, the old standbys were already in position. "I tell yer, Uncle Siah, there can't none o' them ere city chaps boss us round; I reckon our eye-teeth's cut 'fore they's born. That idee o' turning out in winter weather

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an' diggin' out the Meetin'-house cellar, free gratis for nuthin', didn't go down with you'n' I, did it?" said the first speaker with great moderation.

"No sir-ee!" responded Uncle Siah. "I 'low that if these summer folks can loaf round and enjoy theirselves all through the fine weather, they've no bizness ter find fault agin our restin' winters. I own I ain't in any great teeter for real bone labor, in season nor out o' season, no more'n they be. That ere college perfesser thought he'd said a mighty sharp thing when he hinted that grocer Locke here had ought ter either upholster the tops o' his barrels or provide us leather patches for our breeches. He ain't in dooty bound ter do nuther one; that's our own lookout. And as for me, I'll defy any o' these kid-gloved fellers to git me off this ere sugar-barrel till I'm good an' ready. I'll stick on it, winter and summer, too, if I choose, till I've growed here!"

"So say I!" chimed in Reub Ring as he beat a lively tattoo on his barrel with his twisted boot-heels by way of applause, and crunched a fresh peanut, abstracted with a sort of back-handed flourish from the gro-

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cer's diminishing stock, by way of emphasis.

"Them's my sentiments — I'm right with yer, boys, and I reckon we can hold the fort ag'in' the whole posse," put in Joe Slow, as he reached forth a gaunt hand for about the tenth cube of loaf sugar to sweeten his taste. "I ain't in the habit o' being dictated to by nuther man nor beast."

"Nor me, nuther," grunted Uncle Siah.

The little lame boy on a box in the corner snickered and shuffled his crutch. He saw something — something that tickled him immensely, and he knew, as he said to himself, there was going to be a circus.

"Stop yer snickerin', yer little tyke, yer, when yer elders is talkin'!" roared Uncle Siah.

"I ain't laughing at you," gulped the boy, stuffing both fists into his mouth and rolling his eyes to the back of the store to distract their attention.

Their eyes followed his, but saw no cause for merriment. Only grocer Locke sat there sedately scratching away on his accounts. A second shuffle of the boy's crutch, and a yell of pain and anger from

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Uncle Siah, turned all faces with a jerk toward the broad open door. Through it a baleful, wrathful figure had been advancing, fiery-eyed, with trailing wings and velvet footfalls — unseen, unfelt, till a horny beak shot forth like the flash of a saw-edged poniard into Uncle Siah's posterior, as he sat hump-backed upon his wooden Gibraltar.

One wild vision of Billy Honks waving his first victorious colors, in the shape of an inch-wide strip of Uncle Siah's blue denim overalls, and all was rout and confusion. Whirling around on his wooden throne, Uncle Siah kicked vengefully at his assailant. This was just the challenge Billy wanted. Up he mounted to the low-browed ceiling, like a spirit of evil, fanning out the lamp into utter darkness with his black wings, as he went crashing through the glass jars of chemicals on top of the grand new soda fountain.

But the darkness could not cover Uncle Siah nor his compeers from his eagle eyes. Three rushing thud — thud — thuds, three toppling barrels, the crash of a two-gallon jug full of New Orleans molasses against the



"All was rout and confusion."

L.B. Baun

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corner of the iron scales, the rattle of a bushel of white shell-beans, overturned in the grand scrimmage, the flap and flutter of wings, the shrill invectives of the bird and his downfallen victims, brought grocer Locke stumbling over a struggling heap in a slippery pool of treacle.

He struck a match, lighted a candle and peered fearfully about in the gloom, but Billy Honks was gone; so was the boy with the crutch.

"We all said we weren't afeered o' man nor beast," muttered Uncle Siah in crest-fallen accents, as he sat up on the edge of the scales and wrung a stream of molasses from his chin whiskers, which were all abloom with the white beans, "but we didn't reckon on that ere dumbbed fowl!"

"That little miscreant was at the bottom on't," muttered Reub Ring, "with shuffling his crutch to aig him on to us. That little beggar was the only crittur in the country that pet bird o' Satan ever made friends with."

A snicker from around the corner, a honk high up in the evening sky, were the only response.

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Billy knew that he should overtake his wild mates beyond the mighty stretch of pines on the other side of the Cape, and he shook off the dust of his feet forever against the scene of his captivity, and winged on for the paradise of freedom.

Great was the merriment of the natives when the parting scene between Billy Honks and the old standbys at the grocery was heralded through the little hamlet the next morning, and I have given it to you word for word, just as papa heard it and came and told us.

We need not be afraid, now, to go out and search for the sweet mayflowers on the island, for that was what mamma had come for. She wished to pick a lot, to send to the poor sick people in the hospitals for their Easter Sunday.

So we hurried out, and hiding in the dry grass and under the pine needles were the sweet, pinky blossoms, just like pretty seashells. I would root my little nose down to see what mamma was finding. I would smell the sweet perfume, and nib playfully at the flowers and kiss her face as she knelt to pick them.

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The next day, which was Saturday, aunt Mary invited us to come over and pick on the "Ridge," the high hill of Cedar-crest, where the lovely flowers grew pink and sweet as they could be, in sunny, sheltered spots among the whispering pines. She helped us, and mamma made up a great many beautiful bouquets. We started back to the city that night, aunt Mary with us, with three great market-baskets full of may-flowers, and when we reached the city mamma and I went right away, before we had tea, and took the sweet flowers to a great building. Here she was met by some gentle-faced women in plain black garb, with white bonnets, whom she called "Sisters." Their faces beamed with grateful pleasure when they saw the Easter gift, and they said they would divide the sweet blossoms among their poor sick people, shut away from the bright world and laid on beds of pain, to cheer and comfort them.

Mamma only saved out enough for each one of us to have a buttonhole bouquet to wear to church that next bright Easter morning. I couldn't go, though I looked so wistfully at mamma and aunt Mary. I

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could hear the sweet bells calling, and see the white doves flying in and out their seats in the great high belfry tower, but I had no wings to fly so high, so I waited sorrowfully at home. Still I was comforted by having a nosegay of the pearly pink blossoms tied in my broad, blue satin bow when I rode out in the park, behind Don and Dora, in the afternoon.



CHAPTER XIII

“Is it all lost in nothingness,
Such gladness, love and hope, and trust?
Such busy thoughts, our own to guess,
All trampled into common dust?”

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

ONE week more, and we all started back to our lovely island for the summer. I rode all the way behind Don and Dora, who were as glad as I that we were going to our dearest home, and had such a glorious time. The roadsides were a soft bright green, all spangled over with golden dandelions, and as we neared the shore the ground was fairly blue with the lovely great bird's-foot violets with their pansy eyes.

How swiftly the spring and summer sped away! I pattered around with mamma while she worked with the man, fixing the flower-beds and vases, and with papa when he uncovered the lovely lily-ponds and started up the fountains. When the home

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was all in order, and the roses were blooming, then he could find time to set his camera for pictures. I was always watching to run and pose before him.

Mamma would say: "Oh, do make a picture of the lilies this morning — they are open so wide and beautiful!" Then I would run and sit right in front of the Hebe



of the fountain and the heart-shaped lily-pond, so as to be in the picture, because I had learned, when I was a little puppy, that it pleased papa and mamma to have me do it. So I would follow him around the whole island, and when he went into his dark room with his red lantern to fix his plates, I would be outside the door and hear him say, as he held them up against the ruby light:

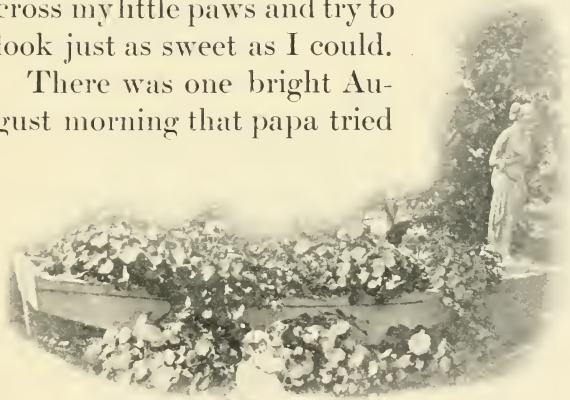
"Well, I declare, if there isn't my dear

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little Fairy-Fay, big as life, and I never knew she was around!"

When I was only a baby dog they petted me for sitting still to have my picture taken on the stone steps, when the island home was building; so I always posed of my own accord after that, and would cross my little paws and try to look just as sweet as I could.

There was one bright August morning that papa tried



to have Tit-Willow, the fawn-and-white kitten, and Dandy Jim, the tame black crow, pose with me beside Venus, the poor white lady who stood on a boat-load of flowers in the lawn. I used to feel so sorry for her at first, because she hadn't any clothes, only a few that were falling off her, though she tried to hold them on, and she

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looked so 'shamed I would turn my little head away and not look at her, to make her feel worse. I heard mamma say one day that she was Canova's Venus, so I thought maybe that was why she kept her beautiful face turned ever toward the sea, looking for Canova to come sailing in, 'cause he was her lover. But he never came; and some way, after she stood there summer after summer, so still and watching, I began to think she wasn't a real live lady after all, but a lovely image frozen out of ice and snow.

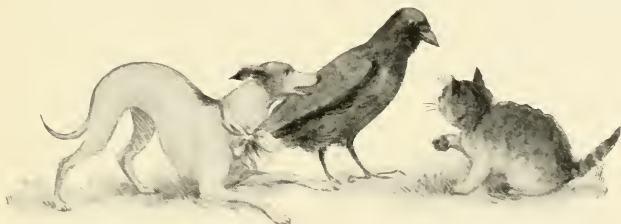
Mamma took me visiting once in a beautiful rose-garden, and she called to papa, "Oh, come and see this lovely Flora, right in a bower of roses!"

I knew the words, "Come and see," and I rushed swift as a little fawn to see the sight; but when I saw another poor white lady, with nothing but wreaths of white flowers to wear, I hung my little head and crouched down, and hid my face below the great white rock she was sitting on. Mamma caught me up and kissed me, and said I was her little white angel.

But I have gotten away from black Jim and Tit-Willow. Well, papa would get us

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all fixed for the picture, then he would put his head under the big black cloth hung over his camera, to look through at us. Just then Tit-Willow would fluff up his handsome ringed yellow-and-white tail, and waltz sidewise up to black Jim, who would reach out and give him a tweak on his pink nose. Then Tit-Willow would slap at Jim with his great double paws, and, for fear



they would get hurt, I would have to cry "Bow-wow!" and rush between them. Then Dandy Jim, who had one wing clipped so he couldn't fly away, would whirl around and up over my head, land on my back, and tweak my silky ears, and there was a grand mix-up, and a chorus of "Caw-caws!" "Meows!" and "Bow-wows!"

Papa would run back and straighten us all out for the picture again, till finally he had worked nearly an hour in the broiling

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sun, and Tit-Willow and Dandy Jim acted worse and worse, and I was beginning to tremble, because papa had to scold. He had his head under the black cloth till his face streamed with perspiration; but just as he thought he had us all right we fell into another *mêlée*, and he lost all patience and threw his cap at us and sent us scattering. Then he turned the garden-hose on to cool the air, but Dandy Jim thought that was great fun and just spread out his blue-black wings and shook them in the water-drops — a shower-bath was what he longed for. As for Tit-Willow, he didn't care a whit as he waltzed away, for he would wade out at low tide into the salt water, and fish out a mummy-chub for his breakfast with his big double paws. I've seen him do this, and many a time I've watched him catch a fish through the air-holes in the ice.

Papa was sorry afterwards that his patience didn't hold out till he got a better picture of us, for before another spring Dandy Jim's wings grew out, and he flew away from the farmer papa hired to keep him and went with seven old wild crows, who used to fly over and around the island

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and sit in a solemn row on the red bridge-posts and scold — “Caw! — caw! — caw!” Mamma said they were holding a town-meeting.

We did not find out for five years that Dandy Jim was among them till, one day, we were riding over the bridge with Don and Dora and he did not fly away with the rest of the crows, but sat still on the bridge-post. Soon as papa could stop the horses he called back, “Jimmy, Jimmy, poor Jimmy!” and the big black bird spread out and shook his shining wings, and answered in the same funny half coaxing, half gulping, cracked voice in which he used to tease for his beefsteak breakfast when he was one of the family. He seemed delighted to hear his old name called, and hopped along on the railing toward us. In five long years of mingling with his wild mates he had not forgotten his name nor papa’s voice, but he had grown shy and had not the courage to let papa pick him up. Mamma said he was happier to go free and have the liberty of his native isle, for he was born down in one of the tall poplar-trees.

That very winter, too, after papa tried to

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take the picture, Tit-Willow ran away from the home in the city where mamma had planned for him to stay till spring; so she put in the daily paper:

“Lost. A double-pawed, fawn-and-white kitten, white face and breast, white ring round his neck, four white mittens, answering to name of Tit-Willow. \$5.00 Reward,” etc.

And little boys came thronging with black cats, and blue cats, and yellow-and-black tiger cats, or else came empty-handed and said, “I know where your kitty is, and I will take the five dollars, if you please!” till the man who had charge of Tit-Willow had to explain to the boys that they couldn’t have the five dollars till they came with the right cat in hand, and no other. Finally he had to take the notice out of the paper, or else take off his door-bell.

A dear old lady over the way, who had taken care of Tit-Willow the winter before for mamma, and was very fond of him, said:

“I know just where he is; he has run away, down to the island, because he was homesick, and if you ever find him, there’s where he’ll be!”

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But everybody laughed and said: "He was carried down there a month-old kitten, shut in a box and on a train, and he was brought back in a wooden cage, under a carriage-seat, six months later. It couldn't be possible that he could find his way back, forty miles, over the road, to his old home."

We never knew; but two years later, one dark October evening, we were walking the horses down the steep hill on the island. We had started out to spend the evening with aunt Mary and the doctor. The carriage lamps were lighted and shone brightly on the high grassy bank to the right of the drive; suddenly papa and mamma cried out in one breath:

"Why, there's Tit-Willow!"

I looked with all my eyes, craning my neck out of the carriage at sound of his name, and there, crouching on the grassy bank, as though dazzled and bewildered with the sudden and brilliant lights of the carriage, with their reflectors, which shone in his great yellow eyes, was a monster fawn-and-white cat with all the marks of the kitten which ran away.

We saw him, near to, twice after that, and

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were surer than ever that it was Tit-Willow, only he had led a wild, free life on the island, and grown timid at sight of people. He would mew and talk to us from out the shelter of the grove of tall poplars, but would not come nearer the house than to peep out between the cedars at the entrance, where he would sit up and wave those big double fore paws at us.

Mamma had a big bowl of milk set out under the trees for him to steal up and drink every day, and when the home was closed for the winter a little trap-door, leading up into the warm stable, was left open for Tit-Willow, who hunted and fished, and loved his liberty.

CHAPTER XIV

“HE loved to lie where his wakeful eye
 Could keep me still in sight,
Whence a word or a sign,
Or a look of mine,
 Brought him like light.”

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THERE was a dear little lady and her beautiful daughter, friends of mamma's, who visited us at the island; and they loved little dogs, too. I found that out, first of anybody; and soon I used to venture up to the little lady when the evening lamps were lighted, and she looked so dainty and pretty, though dressed all in deepest black, soft and clinging.

I would stand right before her, and look straight into her gentle face that bore such traces of sadness when she was alone. I would try to speak, out of my great, brown eyes, and say to her:

“I love you, 'cause I know you love little dogs, and I long to comfort you; now

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wouldn't you like to have me climb on your knee?"

So I would stand, and look and look, until she would give way and say:

"Well, you little darling, you shall come!"

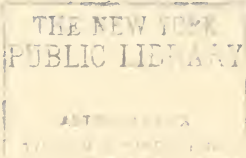
Then up I would spring, and nestle down, and try to lie as lightly as possible on her dainty lap and listen while she told stories of "Tony," her own little dog. One sad story of his faithful love and remembrance I must try to give you, with his picture which she showed mamma and me.

This is the picture of dear little Tony, watching and waiting; he could never give up listening for the familiar footfalls through the sad silence that had fallen over her dear bright home, so many weary months before. Day after day he sat in his cushioned chair in the west window and peered down the street, his faithful little heart beating heavily with the dull pain of hope deferred, because he had been cruelly disappointed again and again.

But this day of which she told us Tony was up on the arm of his chair, alert, intent, with straining gaze far, far down the street, where nearly a year before he had been wont



"Tony was up on the arm of his chair."



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to wildly welcome the master's approach; and suddenly — oh, joyous ending to his faithful vigils! — there came the familiar form, the quick, elastic movement he knew so well, even a whole square away.

“Yes, oh, yes, it must be he!”

The little watching, waiting heart knew he would come; now he was coming, coming home, wearing the same coat, the same soft gray hat he wore when last Tony greeted him.

In a moment poor little Tony was one quivering, palpitating morsel of expectant love, from head to foot. He appealed to his mistress, with anxious, trembling whines, trying to catch some gleam of confirmation to his hope, some sudden, joyous welcome in her sad eyes, which were turned on all his movements with welling tears, as he turned his eager face and bright, dilating brown eyes first to her and then toward the street, pressing closer and closer to the window pane, and craning his dainty head and neck to watch the approach to the home.

Then he flew over to the other arm of the chair, toward the side door to the family sitting-room, his delicate ears alert, listening

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for the longed-for footfalls. They must reach him at last, echoing along the walk, and nearer, — nearer, till the springing tread should sound out, clear and firm, on the piazza floor, and the smiling face of his master meet him, through the glass doorway, just as it used to be.

Oh, why so silent? Why so long? Again he appealed to his watching mistress and the gentle grand-dame, with her silvery hair. Would they not watch? Would they not listen with him? Why should they weep, now, when the master was coming? Why not fling wide the door? Listen, — listen, — it is almost time.

Tony searched their faces with intense, almost human questioning, then dropped his little head downward and forward, as though to reach forth to meet the sound his waiting soul was yearning for.

Tick-tack, tick-tack! The tall clock on the stairs measured only the muffled footfalls of Time, till full five minutes of stifling, heartbreaking silence fell. The little listening ears drooped lower, the bright, expectant eyes grew dimmer, and cast one more appealing, piteous look at the two mourners.

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He knew, now, why they wept, and, with a little wailing sob, he threw himself downward upon his cushion, his nose between his tiny paws, with a gesture of despair — the master could never come to him, but he would go to the master.

Then, there was her story of cunning little “Snap,” that keenest and purest of black-and-tans. When he was just emerging from his puppy pranks, his master, the father of our little lady, came home from his office at noon one day to discover, near the house, a most unsightly break in his green, velvety lawn, which was his especial pride and pleasure.

Little eager, digging paws, egged on by a little black nose, that scented imaginary rats or moles while they made the dirt fly, had burrowed this black hole in the fine green turf.

The master called for poor little Snap, and he came, trembling and cringing, pleading “Guilty” from his crestfallen ears to his slinking tail. But the master, whose heart was kind, did not punish him; he only said, as he pointed to the sad blemish on the smoothly shaven lawn, and looked reproachfully at the little shivering culprit:

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“Well, I never thought to see the day when a dog of mine would do such a dreadful thing as this — never! I don’t know what to think; I can’t tell what to think; I never could have imagined a dog of mine doing such a dreadful thing as this!”

The little abject figure crouched lower and lower beneath his words and tone of reproach; and so his master left him. When he returned a few hours later he found a changed dog, who bounded forth to meet him — so glad, so proud, prancing, skipping, tail fairly wagging his little body, as he led the way to the desecrated spot of the noontide. Behold his labor of love and atonement!

There the astonished master saw, with wondering eyes, how the little creature had worked for hours, drawing back the loosened loam and stamping it down in place. There were all his little claw-marks in the moist edges, and, to crown his work of restoration, he had gathered all the scattered bits of turf which, in his morning’s ruthless sport, he had thrown so carelessly about, and patted them in, all awry to be sure, but so painstakingly.



Foxy.

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The master's heart was touched, as he bent to give dear little Snap many a loving stroke of wondering approval; and, from that day forth, he rehearsed the story, as his daughter gave it to mamma, as one of the most convincing proofs of how we little dogs catch at the tones and meaning of blame or praise, and strive to merit approval.

Then, there was her story of "Foxy," who belonged to an intimate friend of the lady; how his mistress would hold him up to a funny little talking-box, that was up on the side of the sitting-room, and he would press his little ear to the black ear-trumpet, and hear his master's voice calling, so far away:

"Foxy, Foxy, there's a rat down here!"

"Ye-ep, ye-ep, ye-ep!" he would answer back "just hold on; — I'll be there!"

Then he would give one wild, squirming wiggle out of her arms on to the floor and out of the house, sliding all the mats in a heap behind him.

"Ye-ep, ye-ep, ye-ep!" away down the street, on such a scuttling gallop that the passers-by drew hastily aside, as if pursued by a revolving centipede.

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“Ye-ep, ye-ep, ye-ep! Clear the track, you poor, idle slow-pokes! Can’t you see I’m telephoned for?”

“Ye-ep, ye-ep, ye-ep! Can’t you see I’ve got to gain a half-mile on a rat, and catch him, before he runs the length of my master’s store?”

And on he would tear, the people turning their heads to watch him, and laughing as they went, for in the little Western city many had become familiar with Foxy and his cunning little tricks, and they knew well that he’d been telephoned for.

Finally, to cheer her lonely hours, the little lady took into her heart a dainty King Charles spaniel, whom the daughter of the household christened “Corea.” I was in a flutter of excitement when a letter came telling mamma of her possible advent ahead of the two ladies, the dear friends she was expecting.

That very afternoon there came the sudden rumble of wheels over the long red bridge, and up drove the express with a mysterious little leathern traveling-case, with wire bars, like a bird-cage, on one side. Mamma brought it in the big room and shut

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all the doors, and I hopped along on my hind feet beside her, catching glimpses of the biggest, brightest pair of shining black eyes from out the shadow of the black leather-lined cage. That was all we could see till mamma hastily unstrapped it, and out flew little Miss Corea, waltzing and slipping around the floor of Island Haven.

I was completely mystified and puzzled, and waited to see her take off her black ostrich-feather cloak that came down to her very toes, but she seemed to prefer to keep it on, and some black plumes over her ears.

She had such a tiny little pug nose and looked so odd to me, I didn't believe she was a dog at all, until mamma caught her up and hugged her and said:

"You dear little traveler, you! How weary you must feel, after your hundreds of miles. Fairy must make you welcome, and loan you her little blue-lined basket for your own this summer."

Now I had never dreamed of mamma caressing any dog but me before, and a strange feeling came welling up in my little throat. The minute she put Miss Ostrich-feather down again, I pounced rudely

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at her and pushed her over on the slippery floor. I was jealous, madly jealous, because mamma had kissed her, and because papa, who came in just then, called her a "little beauty." I thought mine was the only style of beauty.

I was sorry and ashamed when mamma had to comfort the newcomer, and told me how rude and unkind I had been, while she fed her with warm milk. But little Corea was very forgiving toward me, and invited me, with many coquettish tosses of her plummy ears, which almost swept the floor, to come and play with her.

I guess I looked just as queer to her, in my little short-haired doeskin, the way she stared at me with her great, shining, black eyes. When mamma's friends came, the next day, they found their little Corea all ensconced in my blue-lined basket, and I had to admit she made a lovely picture.

I tried hard to be lady-like when the household petted her, but mamma saw how my little heart swelled up to see Corea in her arms, so she explained to her friends that, not to try my little feelings too far, she must caress her when I was not about.



Little Corea.

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Still there was that rankling jealousy that made me feel a bit glad when I heard that little Miss Fuss-and-Feathers, as I called her to myself, had gotten herself into disgrace by trying to devour "The Life of Bismarck"



belonging to the young lady. What a dreadful thing to do! Corea left on the fine seal binding many a sad rent and furrow from her little pearly teeth, and she had to be shut up in a dark closet, which was a more effective punishment with her than a whipping. Thus soon had I forgotten the

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many sad slips I had made in my own past puppy career.

Still, we all grew to love the pretty little creature, with her baby ways; and when the sweet summer days had fled and her leathern traveling-case was brought forth, I was sorry to part with my little guest, and we kissed each other good-by through the wire bars.

CHAPTER XV

“UNDERNEATH my stroking hand,
Startled eyes of hazel bland
Kindling, growing larger, —
Up thou leapest with a spring,
Full of prank and cuvetting,
Leaping like a charger.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

OH, wasn't I wild with delight when, in the glorious mid-September, while the sea was such an azure blue, and the fields all shining with drifts of goldenrod, aunt Mary and the doctor decided to have one of their grand picnics, on the anniversary of their wedding-day. I was all alert for days before, my little ears pricked up and my eyes full of gold-and-brown interrogation points, while aunt Mary was discussing with mamma as to where we should go.

Should we ride or sail? Should we spread our feast under the singing pines on the lovely shores of Ashumet pond? Or on the great flat rock in the shade of the redo-

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lent fir-trees, overlooking the sea and the lovely island of Nausheon, where the cool breezes made soft, sighing music through the dark feathery green above us? Or should we drive to quaint old Sandwich town and encamp by its purling river? So we varied our programme, but mamma was apt to favor the wood by the sea.

So, year after year, I came to know that the early stir in the household, the array of lunch-baskets, the preparation of all sorts of "goodles," as my chum, old Sportum, called them, all meant the grand picnic.

I flew about like a fawn-and-white whirlwind, in and out the kitchen, sniffing at the savory smell of sliced ham and chicken, and taking a peep at mamma as she prepared the sandwiches. Then away I ran to her room and reached up on her dressing-table, to try to thrust my nose through my best collar, with its blue stones, and golden acorns for bells, which I was sure of wearing on state occasions. Finally I went to the stable to see if the man, Ramon, who was always so kind to me, was alive to the occasion, and was brushing Don and Dora, and harnessing them to the brown canopy-topped car-

YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

riage, with its broad russet seats, and putting on their brown nets, fringed with yellow tassels, to keep the big green-headed flies from stinging their glossy brown sides. I thought that the handsome nets were the very cap-sheaf of their grandeur as they pawed and bridled, nodding their tasseled heads.

When all the baskets and wraps, and the flowers to deck the feast, were aboard, I was lifted, wiggling and waggling, to the seat. Mamma charged the servants to be careful of fire around our lovely island home, and when to expect us all to supper, for she always liked to bring aunt Mary and the doctor home with her. We started down the winding drive, down through the hills and over the long red bridge, off the island. I could hardly contain myself when I heard the sharp clack, clack of Don's and Dora's feet on the wooden planking, and knew that we were fairly under way.

I flew up and kissed mamma's face and reached over and thrust my sharp, cold nose against papa's ear, to tell them both how joyous and thankful my little heart was, to go with those I loved and never to be forgotten.

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We wound our way around the pretty cove, past the ice-cold waters of Hope spring, where the happy Indians used to camp, so Ramon said, and where we used to stop so often to fortify ourselves with a drink, under the big oak-trees. Then we turned in by the big stone gate-posts, and up the broad drive to the doctor's and aunt Mary's house, which stood out on another bold hilltop overlooking the bay, and so near our home we could speak across the winding arm of the sea which flowed between us.

They called it Cedar-crest because of the dark green cedar trees that were dappled over the hillside and gathered in a shady grove at the rear of the sightly home.

The doctor had laid out the front slope, overhanging the sea, into a maze of artistic beds, hearts and diamonds and stars and crescents, with white-shelled walks between, and aunt Mary had planted each bed with its own kind of lovely flowers. We could look across and see the bright dashes of color, or the pure white or great golden-banded lilies, in their season, swaying to and fro. Now, as we wound up the drive, against the soft west breeze, I craned my

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slender neck far out of the carriage and sniffed at the sweet perfume of the flower-laden air — for I had learned that people loved flowers, so I loved them too. Papa always liked to wear a rose in his button-hole, and I would smell it and kiss it; then mamma would fasten one in my collar, and I felt very proud. She called the little white rock-rose “Fairy’s flower,” because she said it asked so little in the world to make it bright and happy — opening its shining white heart in drought and heat. When she fastened one in my collar, and I wore it all the long summer day, it would shut its little eye at night, and sleep while I slept; but with the first rosy flush of morning over the sea, when I waked, it would be opening its little heart again, after the long night, with never a drop of dew only what it could store in its own little breast.

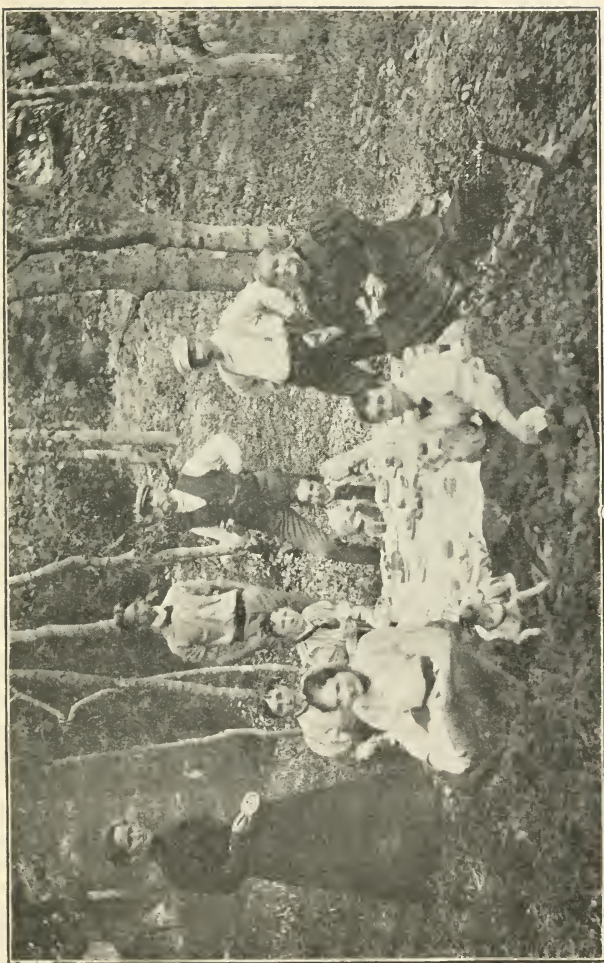
Well, to go back to the picnic: there stood Kitty, the dark dappled mare, seal-brown, nearly black, with her shining coat and her long tail almost sweeping the ground, for neither the doctor nor papa ever thought of such a cruel thing as chopping off the tail of a beautiful horse and disfiguring and tor-

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menting a good friend for life. They thought God knew how to finish his work; and they knew, too, that he would call all to answer for every pain unnecessarily inflicted upon the defenseless creatures intrusted to the care of man.

Kitty was full of fire and spirit, but she was so thoroughbred she did not need even to wear blinders, but rolled her great brown eyes backward toward the pretty red-wheeled phaeton, to see if doctor and aunt Mary were safely seated. Then away she flew, leading the way over hill and dale, past the little seaside settlements and country towns, with their small white church and school-house, setting across the road from each other — on and on, till the bright morning was melting into the hot noontide, and all were getting warm and hungry; then reaching the wooded lane, we swept in under the dark, shady fir-trees, and were grateful to feel and hear the cool sea-breeze singing in the branches.

While the horses were being unharnessed, lightly blanketed, and tethered among the trees, to have their well-earned dinner of nice oats, brought along with our own bas-



“As they gathered round the festive sylvan board.”

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YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

kets of dainties, aunt Mary spread a big white linen table-cover over the great flat rock, and the wonderful contents of the many baskets began to issue forth.

Mamma laid out first a lot of bright new tin plates and drinking-cups, that shone in the dappled rifts of sunshine like real silver.

When all the heaped-up plates of sandwiches, cold boiled eggs with spiced stuffing, dainty baskets of velvety red peaches, purple grapes, golden oranges, with the emerald and saffron of the luscious canteloupes, and here and there a loaf of aunt Mary's delicious frosted layer-cake were set forth, the great rocky table was just lovely to look at, and my little mouth would fairly water while I was waiting for papa to adjust his camera, to make a picture of the picnic group as they gathered round the festive sylvan board. I wriggled around so that I almost always had two heads and two tails when the picture was finished and Kitty and Don and Dora, in the background, usually had the same extra features; but aunt Mary said she liked the pictures, just the same, as souvenirs of the occasion.

Then all made merry, and the bright air

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and sunshine and light hearts gave a keen zest to the tempting viands, and the silver cups were stretched forth for replenishing with aunt Mary's delicious coffee. She always looked out that I had my own little cup of sweet, creamy milk, in my snug corner between her and mamma, as well as many a tidbit of cold ham and chicken, with bits of sugar frosting from the cake.

I sat very still and ate what they gave me, and looked from one to another and tried to smile my approval out of my loving eyes, which they said were like a doe's, as the merry jest went round, for I caught at the meaning of nearly everything. My heart fairly brimmed over with joy when little flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Violet, the little girl guest of the occasion, whispered:

“Isn't Fairy the sweetest darling of all, mamma?”

All arose refreshed from that sylvan board; then came the restful ride homeward in the cool of the day, the supper at sundown, the quiet watching of the western glow over the sea, as I curled, a little lump of contentment, in aunt Mary's lap. I always tried to show her my great love by

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sitting in her lap, even in preference to mamma's, when she was our guest, but I would run over, now and then, and give mamma a reassuring kiss. So the sun sank on another beautiful anniversary day of life and love, hope and trust.



CHAPTER XVI

“THEREFORE to this dog will I,
Tenderly not scornfully,
Render praise and favor:
With my hand upon thy head;
Is my benediction said
Therefore and forever!”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I DEARLY loved all the guests who came to Island Haven, and especially one sweet young girl, who always loved and petted me. She was tall and fair, and had beautiful dark blue eyes, with long, curling dark brown lashes; some thought her eyes were black, but that was only in the shadow. I knew they were a deep pansy blue, like mamma's garden violets; blue heart's-ease was the old-fashioned name for the flower, but it was whispered around as a secret that Beulah's beautiful eyes brought unrest to some brave hearts.

Her thick, wavy hair had golden glints in it when the sun struck across it, and all the

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little stray locks curled up in cunning ringlets in the moist sea air.

Mamma said that Beulah's mouth was a regular "Cupid's bow." I didn't know what that meant; I only knew her lips looked red and sweet, and when she laughed, throwing back her head, showing her pearly white teeth, it was such a merry peal everybody had to laugh with her.

She had such lovely gowns, too, they all agreed. One, the color of her eyes, was cut away square from her full white neck, with soft laces just shading it. Her gowns were all so simply made and she looked so sweet in everything; mamma said she was like an old-time portrait of some fair lady, off a castle wall.

They gave Beulah the "bridal chamber," as they called it, with its big round bay of seven windows, looking out over the sea. The room was all in white, like the snow, with white silk embroidered draperies, and when she had adorned it with all her pictures and girlish notions, mamma and I used to love to glance in and see her sleeping in the rosy morning light, the sweetest picture of all, her golden hair flowing carelessly over

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the pillow, her long, fringed lashes resting lightly over her delicately tinted cheeks, — like a sleeping sea-nymph.

How I loved to be sent to kiss her hand, to wake her, and watch for the first peep of



her laughing eyes from under their fringing curtains. I used to feel she was all my very own.

But one day a stranger came between us, and my little heart was forlorn and hurt at first, and I eyed him askance. Mamma and I were down by the big lily-pond, look-

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ing at a great yellow-throated, green-jacketed frog, who sat on a wide, cool, lily-pad, blinking his golden eyes at us and calling out "Cl-lunk-cl-lunk!" with such a mysterious air, to call us back, every time we started to leave him. He made merri-ment for everybody with his social ways. He would come up every morning to be fed, and delighted to sit on the circular stone edge of the pond and let the little folks stroke his back gently with a lily bud, or even their fingers, but if I got too interested and tried to kiss him, he would give such a great floperty-flump, splashing into the water, that I would jump almost as high as he did.

Hearing voices, we looked up, to see Beulah standing on the high stone steps at the entrance, between the pillars, with the flowers and vines framing in her lovely face and form, while several steps below, a handsome young stranger, with uncovered head, his dark eyes upraised to the blushing face above him, was inquiring for the host and hostess of Island Haven.

Mamma told papa as soon as he came, with such a voice and air of mystery that I

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was greatly impressed, that she believed that Fate had sent him to our castle by the sea, where we had boasted that we were safe from snares.

And she went on to tell what a fine picture the two made, with the old rustic stonework, mossed in the young tendrils of the creeping ivy, for a setting; how charming Beulah looked in her filmy white gown of clinging Swiss muslin, with an arm-load of red-rambler roses she had been gathering for the dining-room, with the spreading oak tree overhanging the entrance forming a canopy of rustling, glistening green above her.

She described how our handsome knight-errant, for that was what she called him, with the sun burnishing his clustering locks, his fine head thrown slightly backward, but with one foot advanced, as though bound to climb to her sooner or later, had halted between the two big flower urns, which bore two cameo sphinxes, their mysterious, silent lips just on a level with his own questioning ones.

Mamma hurried forward to meet our new visitor, who proved to be the son of a dear

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old friend, bearing his credentials with him, and warm welcome and hearty greetings followed.

He was just out of college, and going far away over the sea, to carve out his fortune, he told them.

“So you are fancy free?” asked mamma.

“Oh, yes — fancy free — without even an image in my heart,” he laughed, and struck his broad breast gayly, but, in the very act, he cast a furtive glance, all unconsciously to himself, at Beulah’s downcast lids with their long, fringed lashes sweeping her suffused cheeks, and that moment, mamma said afterward, Cupid, that little mischievous elf, who had landed, no one knew how or when, on our peaceful island, filled his quiver with keenest arrows.

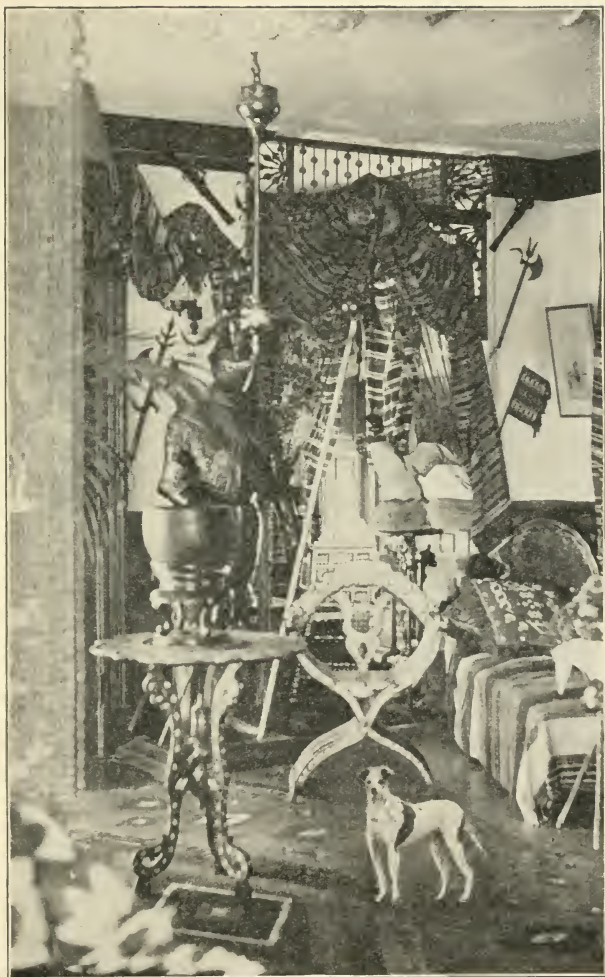
But I held out against the winning stranger just as long as I could. I sulked and moped, and stood aloof from their happy strolls and mutual talks, till finally, one day, I was so grieved and lonely, I broke down and went creeping up, trembling, into Beulah’s white arms, and with little pitiful cries, covered her sweet, warm neck with kisses. She seemed to suddenly understand

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my gentle reproof, and feeling the earnest, questioning gaze of a pair of dark eyes bent upon her, she hid her face on my silky breast, and held me closely to her heart; and while she held me there, without ever speaking a word, she told me that heart was big enough for two.

Gaylord came and stood beside her and stroked my little head as I cuddled on her shoulder, and, soothed and comforted, my heart melted toward him, for I felt reinstated; I took him into the circle, — more than that, I was his faithful little ally ever after.

I have to make this little story short, although you may think it one of my sweetest ones. From that day forth, I aided and abetted that mysterious Cupid all I could, though I never caught sight of him. I pawed down Beulah's very prettiest songs off the piano, so that the sea-breeze from the wide-open door took them and spread them at his feet, with her name written broad in the corners. Then of course he had to urge her to sing to him in her low, rich voice, and she could not say him nay, nor find excuse.



"I would overturn the old shields and curios."

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YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

Then, when the singing was over, if Beulah wandered into the cozy Oriental corner, where the jeweled Arabic lamp cast a soft rainbow light, and the beaded portieres screened off this recess in the stone tower from the big reception-room, I would poke my slim little nose through the crystal curtain and begin to snuff and paw, and to pretend I smelled a mouse. I would overturn the old shields and curios, burrow under the bright cushions, and stir up a great commotion, till Gaylord actually *had* to assist and defend Beulah from whatever danger might appear in my pursuit.

But some way the mouse never quite came to light; and some way, too, just as they got cozily seated, I would see fit to give over my quest and curl down on the soft silk cushions beside them, shut my eyes and listen to the sweet rise and fall of their young voices, in the half jest, half earnest, of that delightful hour, while Beulah's white, nestling hands toyed with my silky ears, so eager to divine their words.

Another day at sunset, when my lord had made a bold break, and walked away by himself to the little white kiosk among the

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juniper trees, overhanging the sea, and sat there very meditatively, as though he were turning over and over in his thoughts some great but happy venture, I knew he was hoping those blue heart's-ease eyes would follow him. But their possessor sat still on the porch, just as meditatively pulling a red rose to pieces, each all too conscious of the other's whereabouts. I, too, was ill at ease.

So I crept up stealthily and plucked away my lady's filmy lace handkerchief and flew away down the shell walk with it, and laid it at Gaylord's feet as he sat there alone.

He picked it up eagerly and laid it in his broad palm, and looked down upon it with such a tender smile in his dark eyes, as though it were some little live thing. Then he waved it gently to and fro, as a man would handle a cobweb, and breathed its faint, violet odor.

"You little good Fairy! How keen your beautiful eyes are!" he whispered, giving me a love-pat. I could see he longed to keep the fleecy little thing, and finally he folded it and hid it away in his breast pocket, instead of sending me back with it.

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I whimpered and pulled at his sleeve, flying off a step or two toward the house to show him, and tell him as well as I could, that he was in the wrong place, and making himself and somebody else lonely, when we three might be so gay and happy together.

Presently, to my delight, he started back for the porch where Beulah was sitting. He couldn't stand that waiting attitude any longer, any more than I could.

I bounded ahead as he ascended the long flight of broad stone steps. Beulah clapped her pretty white hands playfully at me in welcome, and I, espying a red rose just falling from her corsage, leaped up, quicker than light, caught it and turned back to Gaylord, holding forth to him the crimson offering.

I was trying to start a gay frolic as rose-bearer back and forth between them, but I had to take it as a matter of course when Gaylord bowed low to my lady, and said in such an earnest voice:

“With your permission, Miss Bond,” and adjusted the flower in his left lapel, both taking advantage of my part in the presentation to laugh and make jest of it all, but I

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could see Beulah's soft cheeks blushing red as the rose I had stolen.

How glad I was that neither papa nor mamma, nor any one else, happened to come on the veranda. I wanted them all to myself, and more than that, something told me that they two loved to sit alone together in this happy quiet, watching the crimson glow over land and sea fading to dusky purple. When the great round moon came climbing up above the whispering pines, casting a silvery trail over the bright, rippling waters, they said she turned all to fairy-land, which I felt was some implied compliment to me, for was not my name "Fairy-Moonlight?"

How they laughed as I bridled my slender head from side to side with a birdlike preening motion, and then with little whirls and flourishes, and loud spatting of my tiny feet on the piazza floor, I told them as plain as day that I was impatient to show them the way into this enchanted land.

Gaylord was not slow to take the hint. "Shall we stroll on the shore? the night is so beautiful!" he asked, and Beulah answered:

"Yes, little Fairy will be so delighted,

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she is trying hard to tell us to take a ramble so she may stretch her fleet limbs."

So I joyously led the way, and they descended the long flight of steps leading down the wooded bluff to an Oriental pavilion, where the row-boat lay anchored and rocking on the moon-lit waters. My resolve was quickly taken, and before they could recall me, I had made a flying leap and landed in the pretty white boat. I sat deliberately down in the prow like a little figure-head, as though, as a matter of course, they must come also; there was nothing else to do.

"Of course we can't disappoint little Fairy; she does so delight to row?" and Beulah could not disagree.

So the boat was pulled in, and Gaylord had to carry Beulah a little way, because the tide was so high against the high, grassy bluff there was no dry footing, and the trees cast a deep shadow right there.

I watched and waited while he seated her in the boat and drew her white ostrich-lined cape around her fair shoulders and neck, which were dazzling white, like chiseled marble, in the moonlight. I could see with

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my own eyes that she looked just as sweet and shy as mamma's lovely Venus, hidden among the flowers, and when he obeyed her request to lift me and place me under the same fluffy cape, I couldn't help feeling that his strong hand was not quite steady, and when Beulah gathered me close, she was trembling too.

Then we drifted out under the full moon, to the ripple of the waves. Perhaps I dozed a little in my cozy nest, to the rocking of the boat, — at any rate I always thought they forgot I was there, for Gaylord forgot to use his oars as they floated far out with the tide, and their voices grew softer and lower. I couldn't help hearing, but I will never, never tell one of the dear, sacred words they said; and when it grew so still, I would not have stirred and broken that sweet spell which bound them, for all the world.

I could feel her gentle heart beating like the wings of a prisoned dove, but I never looked nor stirred. I made believe I was fast asleep and dreaming sweet dreams for them and for me, but I waked up when I caught a little smothered sigh from Beulah,



"We drifted out under the full moon."

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and mamma's voice came softly calling from the bluff:

"Fairy, Fairy, where are you?"

Yes, where was I, and where were they?
Drifting through enchanted land.

Gaylord picked up his oars and made a show of rowing vigorously in, while he started an old song in his rich, deep voice, and Beulah joined him in little quavers with her sweet mezzo:

"Come where my Love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours away."

Did ever voices sound so sweet before, or words so tender, as they floated clear and wide on the night winds over the moonlit sea.

And so, amid much jesting, we landed at mamma's feet at last, and they told her how I had decoyed them into a little moonlight row, but when Gaylord lifted me in his arms to give me to mamma, I knew I hadn't been dreaming, for I felt his strong heart beating like the thudding footfalls of a race-horse, and it couldn't have been the rowing, for the oars were featherweights in his vigorous young arms.

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As mamma reached out to take me from him, I saw her eyes rest on the crushed crimson rose he treasured, which she had seen at sundown nestling at Beulah's fair throat, and she might have caught a breath of the young girl's favorite perfume from the filmy lace I had helped him purloin; and there was an undertone in their voices and just a little tremor in their gayety that must have told her more.

For she did not linger, but said, "Good-night, good-night, my children," more tenderly than usual if anything, and left them standing on the shore.

Was it a drop of night dew from the overhanging branches, or was it a tear that fell on my little head, as she climbed the steep steps with me and bore me toward her chamber, for mamma sighed deeply and said:

"Oh, would that these young hearts might dream on forever, and know no rude awakening!"

I never told a word, but the next morning, when the soft chime had sounded for the family to gather, and I hurried joyfully, as I always did, to join them, then Gaylord took Beulah boldly by the hand, and they

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came and stood before papa and mamma by the great fire-place, while he said:

“Pray give us your blessing, dear friends, against the day when her Bond-age shall end, — mine has already begun.”

Beulah could not look up, for glad, shy tears were bedewing her long lashes; but mamma kissed her white forehead and said:

“God bless you and keep you!”

A little song-sparrow, on the oak-tree outside the door, warbled a sweet Amen.

Then Gaylord, to relieve the silence that fell, suddenly stooped and petted me, and said gayly:

“This is the little good Fairy who has aided and abetted in my capture, all the way through, — bless her little heart!”

Joyful benediction! I was blest indeed, and my little heart swelled with proud satisfaction to think how I had helped Cupid to tangle and tie the silken cords of Love.

CHAPTER XVII

“DIDST thou not watch for hours our track,
And for the absent seem to pine,
And when the well-known voice came back,
What ecstasy could equal thine?”

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

THERE came one dark October night I shall never forget. We were on our way again for doctor's and aunt Mary's. The wind came up off the sea and sighed through the trees, like a sad song of parting. A shadow fell over my little heart that had been so full of love and trust all its life; a dread and fear seized upon me, I could not tell why. I felt it when mamma held me close over her heart, and sat silently in the dark; and when we got to aunt Mary's and the bright lamps were lighted, I still clung close around her neck with my slender arms, and would not be put down upon the carpet, to play with old Sportum and caper around the way I always had done.



"She looks at me with such great pleading eyes."

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They said, half whispering, "How can the little thing mistrust it?"

"That's just what breaks my heart," said mamma; "she knows it already, and she looks at me with such great pleading eyes. She hasn't seen one thing to tell her; they surely can read our very thoughts."

"I know they can," said aunt Mary. "But you can be sure, Stella, that we will do all in our power to make her happy. She will be thinking every day that you are coming back, and she will play with Sportum, and the doctor will talk to her, to help pass the time away, the same as he always does."

I shook and trembled as though I had an ague chill; the terrible dread at my heart had taken shape — mamma and papa were going away to leave me!

I know, now, that mamma had almost a mind to give it up for days, as, with a sober face, she found me curled inside her half-packed trunk or an open suit-case.

I had seen the packing every fall and spring, but I never was so apprehensive before. I would not let papa nor mamma go out of my sight for one moment, but

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followed them, stealing from room to room with wistful eyes. At night I would be pilloled in their arms, rousing at the slightest move, and clinging, trembling, to mamma's neck — not daring to sleep and dream my sweet, happy dreams, as of old.

Christmas day came, cold and bright. Mamma buttoned on my brown, fur-trimmed blanket, and a brand-new steel-trimmed harness, with a shining plated chain to lead me by, and started out to walk with papa, to dine with aunt Mary and the doctor. There were bells on my harness and bells on my collar; my gay trappings and the rattle of the chain all seemed quite impressive, and some little boys we passed stood still and whispered, one to another, "There goes a bloodhound!" They had somewhere seen performing dogs led by chains. This made papa smile, as I looked more like a tiny doe than I did like the bloodthirsty canine they imagined. But for once all my proud array, and the walk, which was usually my delight, failed to cheer me.

When I arrived at aunt Mary's, she took off all my little things and hung them in

YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

the hall closet, and when I went in the sitting-room, there was my little white basket. How had it been spirited over from the island? She had lined it all new with lovely blue, and covered cushion and all. I knew — I understood; I was to stay behind; there



were all my little worldly goods. I crept in and crossed my fore paws, and looked out at them all with wistful eyes and listening ears. I was too sad to be proud of my beautiful face and form against the soft blue background.

Aunt Mary said I was a little beauty and

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the doctor said, "Fairy is the doctor's own little baby-dog," but I couldn't run and nestle my head against him, in my bird-like way, as aunt Mary called it, in answer, for my heart was too heavy. How it yearned to hold those four dear faces within the vision of my watching eyes.

But as the sun was sinking in the west and lighting all the sea and sky with crimson and gold, mamma took me gently from my little basket and held me close in her arms, while she stood and looked across at our dear Island Haven, flooded with the rosy light. I could feel her heart beating fast and heavily as she pressed her cheek upon my little head, and her tears fell on my silky ears when she laid me in aunt Mary's arms and said:

"My darling little Fairy is going to stay with aunt Mary and the doctor."

I understood it all. I tried to be brave and obedient, but I gave her such a look of pain and longing and reproach, out of my great, startled, loving eyes, that it haunted her many a day when she was far away, and she had hard work to speak and say good-by to the friends she loved.

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Papa took me in his arms a moment and fondled me tenderly and said, "Good-by, little Sweetheart!" and passed me back to aunt Mary.

They all shook hands with long, strong clasp, and the waiting carriage drove away with them. I watched it with straining eyes, welling with tears. I could see papa waving his hat and mamma her white handkerchief in a long farewell, and aunt Mary and the doctor waved back. We could see them as the carriage whirled by the big oak and Hope spring, around the Cove, in the western sunlight — on past the red bridge, till they turned from my wistful, straining sight into the wood, nearing the station.

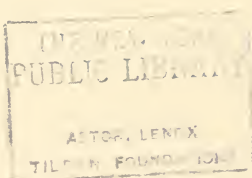
I knew they were going far, far away, beyond our city home, and my little heart was following after like a winged bird. It followed them over the stormy ocean, the burning deserts of Egypt, the stony mountains of Palestine, and the snowy passes of Syria, clear through the lands of the Sphinx, the Cross and the Crescent; and at every halting-place dear faithful aunt Mary sent a letter to meet them, to tell them that their

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little Fairy was trying to be brave and good and happy. I understood that her letters were going to mamma, and I would kiss them and try so hard to speak. Sometimes aunt Mary would put the pen in my little slender fingers, and let me write, "Fairy sends her love!" with her aid. Once, she inked the tips of my little finger-toes, and let me make a precious footprint for a postscript to one letter which was to meet them at Jerusalem, where aunt Mary said they were tracing the footprints of Him who was the first to teach that the heart of God went out to all His dumb creatures, and that they, too, were His children, for whose welfare He holds man responsible.



Old Sportum.



CHAPTER XVIII

“You did, old dog, the best you knew,
And that is better than most men do;
And if ever I get to the great just place,
I shall look for your honest, kind old face.”

(*By Permission.*)

WILL CARLETON.

AUNT Mary, true to her promise, would lay by everything else, and sit and hold me by the hour, to cheer and comfort me; and the doctor would tell me such nice stories, in the long winter days, about the rats and the mice. Old Sportum, the big tan-and-white bull-dog, gave up the best of everything to me. He never touched the dainty dishes aunt Mary set down for me, until I had eaten my fill, and not then, till I ran and touched his ear with my little nose. Aunt Mary used to wonder just how I told him.

Of a cold winter morning, when I thought old Sportum had got his cushion in the wicker chair nice and warm, I would run up and whisper in his ear, and he would

YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

get right down and give me the warm spot. So I loved him dearly, and was very proud when the doctor would say, as we sat beside him:

“O-l-d Sportum is my g-r-e-a-t b-i-g bulldoggie, and Fairy is my l-i-ittle bull-doggie!”

Then we would crowd up to him for a hand-pat, with our tails wagging, but old Sportum gave me the first place in everything. How noble it was in him to be so kind to me, in his own home, when I came a little stranger.

Then, there was dear old Jimmy, aunt Mary's black and white kitty, who was just as kind and loving to me as he could be, and would roll and tumble and frolic from room to room, just to amuse me.

He would lie, sometimes, between old Sportum's big paws, purring away under his chin, or snuggled close against his white breast in a round black ball. Or if Sportum was walking, Jimmy would whisk about his forelegs, in and out, rubbing his silky length caressingly against Old Dog, as they often called him.

And he soon went through the same show

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of love for me. In fact, aunt Mary thought that Jimmy was giving me full more than half his heart, as the days went on; he would “Pur-r-r-a-me-ow!” so loud and long to find me, and run so joyously to meet me, even though I took the stern duty upon me of chastising him for playing with aunt Mary’s palms and ferns, ever after I saw her snap his ears for doing it. He knew it was wrong, but he was possessed to do it whenever her back was turned, and the pretty umbrella plant, in particular, he was determined to nibble.

After I heard aunt Mary say, — “Jimmy, I shall not allow you to do this — I’ve got to punish you every time I catch you at it!” I took the whole responsibility of guarding the plants upon myself; and fond as I was of Jimmy, whenever he forgot himself, and went clawing up a lovely great palm, or nibbling away at the green points, I pounced noisily upon him and pinched his black tail with an indignant high-pitched: “mind what you are about, Jimmy!” that brought him to his sober senses, and made aunt Mary and the doctor laugh merrily when they were within earshot. They said

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there was a little smack of self-righteousness about my discipline; but such big words made me feel all the more important. I own up to hoping aunt Mary would hear



the little fracas and come hastily in to add her reproaches to mine, as she often did.

But Jimmy knew well enough that down deep in my heart I loved him dearly too, and from those winter days forth, he would never leave me. Wherever I went, his little white-

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nosed, white-breasted, white-mittened figure went gliding after. Wherever I slept, he watched and waited for my waking, with his plaintive and oft-repeated "Pur-r-r-me-ow!"

I began to be happy and content, because I was surrounded by love, the true Heart's-ease. Aunt Mary would read aloud to the doctor mamma's letters all about the wonderful lands they were journeying through, and the letters always ended with thanking them both for all the love and care they were giving her little Fairy, and sent her love and papa's to me. So I began to hope I should sometime see their dear faces again, but aunt Mary found she must not say they were coming, because I watched and listened so intently day in and day out.

I would lie in the big reclining-chair beside her while she made beautiful lace, in the long winter evenings, and I slept on her arm at night. When the early spring days came, I had a splendid race all around the garden with old Sportum every morning; I was so spry, he had to cut across lots to catch me.

Sometimes I would have on my brown

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velvet blanket and big blue bow, and go up to the minister's house, and around the little village among the church people, with aunt Mary. I would caper along the country road, tossing my head and looking back at her, to see if she were coming, and she found there was no need for using my chain, where all was so safe.

I followed the doctor around, when he was planting the big vegetable garden, for it had made him well to work out in the bright, fresh air, and he had always led such a busy life, he loved to be doing something.

The singing blue-birds, the red-breasted robins, and the sweet song-sparrows flitted around us, coming in crowds to meet the spring.

“The voice whose welcomes were so glad,
Feet pattering like summer showers,
The dark eyes which would look so sad
If gathering tears were dimming ours.”

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

The sweet mayflowers had come and gone, and the rosebuds were opening their red hearts to the warm sunshine, when, one lovely morning, early at breakfast, I pricked

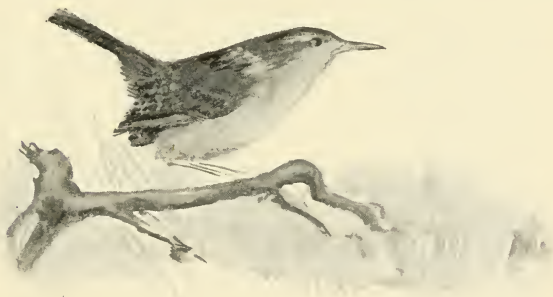
YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

up my little brown ears, for I heard aunt Mary say:

“Is it best to tell her, yet?”

“Oh yes, I think so,” answered the doctor, “for if all went well, the steamer got into New York yesterday and they are on their way here now.”

They thought they were talking low, but



I caught a note of expectancy in their voices. I sprang from my basket and laid my little fore paws on the doctor's knee and looked in his face, with such great, eager, questioning eyes, while little tremors shook my form, that he said:

“The secret's out, aunt Mary; little Fairy knows what we are talking about; she knows her papa and her mamma are coming home to-day!”

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Oh, how I danced about then! How I flew to the window; how I listened at the door, and strained my eyes to watch the long, curving driveway, and looked out to the eastward across the Cove, where I had seen them disappearing, so many months before.

“It would be dreadful for the little heart, now, if they should not come,” said aunt Mary.

So, between hope and fear, we watched and waited. The clock kept telling off the hours, more than I could count. The day was almost half gone, when, suddenly, there came the rattle of wheels in the gravel drive, — a carriage was approaching, hidden by the shrubbery, from the south entrance.

I flew through aunt Mary’s palms and ferns, I never knew how, and pressed my little face against the glass, trembling from head to foot, my eyes big with anxious expectancy.

I couldn’t find a voice to bark, my feelings were too intense; my breath came with little quivering gasps.

Yes! Oh yes! A lady was stepping from the carriage. Was it mamma? I had never seen that dress nor that hat before,



Fairy and her Mistress

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and I was not far-sighted, but the moment she turned toward the house, her very first movement told me, and, with a glad cry, I bounded to the front hall, aunt Mary following eagerly, and, before the door could swing wide on its hinges, I was in mamma's arms to claim a thousand kisses and caresses. The long lost was found! But with a sudden fear at my heart, I stopped and looked with searching gaze in her face.

Where was my dear papa? I ran back and forth between her and the door; I vibrated between joy and sorrow. Aunt Mary turned the same look of swift inquiry on mamma, as soon as the first eager greeting was past.

"He is here," said mamma, "but we feared it would be too much for little Fairy, so he stayed behind at the driveway entrance with the doctor, who was watching for us there."

I caught at her meaning and cleared the steps with a bound, just in time for papa, who was hurrying up, to catch me in his welcoming arms, while I went all over him, kissing, crying, quivering with delight. And so we were all re-united.

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"I was afraid her little heart might burst for very joy, if we both came upon her at once," said papa.

This was a parting which had a happy ending; and when the island home was opened, there were many welcoming guests



and many curios from foreign lands which papa and mamma had brought home. I sniffed them with my long, keen-scented nose and knew they came from the lands where the far-away letters did.

I sat in one of the old Damascus chairs, inlaid with pearl, to have my picture taken

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for you. Old Damascus! Where Saint Paul was going, mamma said, when he met the Christ, who turned him from his cruel purpose toward men. You think He never showed Himself in pity to a humble little creature like me, but you must not be too sure.

CHAPTER XIX

“O FAITHFUL follower, O gentle friend,
If thou art missing at the journey's end,
Whate'er of joy or solace there I find
Unshared by thee I left so far behind,
The gladness will be mixed with tears, I trow,
My little cronie of the long ago.
For how could heaven be home-like with the door
Fast-locked against a loved one ever more?”
(*By Permission.*) RICHARD BURTON.

I CLUNG to mamma closer than ever now. I never wished to see those dreadful trunks and bags with their foreign labels. The sight of the necessary packing, in going to and from our city home, made me ill with fear, and something seemed to lay heavy on mamma's heart, for one soft spring evening, when we had gotten back to the island home, she said to papa:

“I shall never leave little Fairy again so long as she is spared to me. She shall never watch and wait for me, in this world, any more.”



*“She could see a sad, mysterious something in
my brown eyes.”*

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I gave a little quivering sigh, as I lay on her arm and crept closer to her heart. She could see a sad, mysterious something in my brown eyes, that no words, — no human words, could express. The shadow of parting lay heavy and dark on my sensitive spirit, despite her comforting words, and the shadow grew deeper.



They took me to ride often, behind dear, gentle Don and Dora, whose chestnut coats glistened in the bright sunshine, as we spun along through the green wood, or over the white shell road overlooking such lovely views of the blue shimmering sea, with its fleet of snowy sails, because I loved riding so. I tried to be brave and cheery, —

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but a dull pain was growing in my little breast.

I had slipped and fallen across the carriage step some years before, and hit hard on its iron edge; but the injury did not show as anything serious for a long while. Now, however, it grew rapidly worse, and despite my best efforts to mingle with the life and pleasures of the household, mamma's anxious eyes saw I was hiding my suffering. Papa's face was very sad, when she told him her grave fears, and they called a kind and skilled veterinary surgeon from the adjoining town. He, too, shook his head gravely, when he examined my ailment, and said:

"I fear I can do nothing; she is too delicately organized to survive the treatment, even if there were a chance of cure," and he added in a low voice:

"Madam, I must tell you I have never been able to save a little dog, after that sad, haunted look comes into their beautiful eyes. There is something very strange and mysterious about it; they can read fate and the future far better than we; and I must say, used to these things as I am, as a surgeon for many years, the look that many a

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tender household pet has given me, when they have lain down under an operation, never to wake again, has haunted me for many a day. No, madam, you love her too well, — I must be frank with you.”

Papa thanked him, in a sad voice, as he drew rein at the station, and the kind stranger stepped aboard the departing train. I had heard his prophetic words, but I knew it all before.

But my own dear doctor, who had asked for this consultation, said he could not bear to give me up without every effort to save me by milder means.

I had seen him, so often, tenderly bind the broken wing of some poor bird, and that of Dandy Jim, the black crow, when the gale once caught him, with his feathers dripping wet, in the oak tree, and tore and broke his poor wing. The doctor whittled two nice little braces of light pine and dressed and bound it, so it got well and handsome as ever. I had seen him sew and dress old Sportum's wounds, and even those of his enemy, when he had gotten into a *mêlée* beyond his years, in defence of me. Sportum wouldn't even own he was sorry, not even when the sharp

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needle was stitching through the ragged edges of his wound, and the doctor saw it in his eyes, and said:

“I believe you’d do it right over again, you old rascal, you!”

Sportum was just saucy enough to thump out: “Yes, I would!” with three sharp raps of his tail, which was the only part he could move while he was being sewed up, and he gave me a sly wink out of the corner of his eye.

I had seen the doctor, too, leave his busy cares to row out hastily and rescue from a watery grave a fledgling robin who had essayed too boldly on his untried wings. So tenderly did he feel toward every little living thing, that I had perfect trust in him. I had heard mamma say:

“The doctor has more of the spirit of the Great Physician, who healed and comforted by the sea of Galilee, than many a louder-mouthed professor, who has never thought of all the tender creatures outside the pale of man, nor read, between the lines of Holy Writ, God’s constant admonition to be kind to *all* His children, even His little four-footed ones.”

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So my little heart was comforted; and day by day, through the beautiful June, she took me in the carriage to the skilful friend, whose hand was guided by a true and tender love for me, whose every touch was gentleness, and whose every word soothed and comforted me, in my sore distress.

“Or is there something yet to come,
From all our science still concealed,
About the patient creature dumb
A secret yet to be revealed?”

“A happy secret still behind
Yet for the mute creation stored
Which suffers, though it never sinned,
And loves and toils without reward?”

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

I would hurry, of my own accord, into my dear doctor's office-room, while old Sportum and the handsome new dog, Donnie, with his shining brown-and-black brindled coat, with white dress front, and four white stockings, sat sorrowfully by.

I would climb on his table, and lie down upon my back before the doctor, and fold my little fore paws across my heart, so patiently, and look up in his face with such

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faith and trust, and kiss the hand that sought to aid me, though it had to give me pain, that often his eyes were dim with tears as he dressed my wounded breast, and aunt Mary and poor mamma, who sat beside to aid him, could not restrain their own.



Aunt Mary had made me three pretty little harnesses of white strapping, with small gilt buckles, to hold the dressing in place, because she said I was too beautiful to wear anything unsightly, and every day I had on a fresh one. When the dressing was nearly complete, the doctor would say:

“Little Fairy will never, never scold her

YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

dear old doctor, 'cause she knows he can't help hurting a little bit. Now the doctor's going to say Rolly-poly! pretty soon, pretty soon."

Thus his playful words helped me bear the long ordeal, for I knew he was about to roll me gently over, and buckle the last little guilt buckle. Then I would spring on my feet and put my little arms around his neck, in joyful gratitude, and try to smile through my pain, out of my great brown eyes.



CHAPTER XX

“HE knows, who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling great,
Above all human estimate.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BUT, in spite of all that those who so dearly loved and so earnestly sought to save me could do, my strength failed as the hot summer days drew on apace and my hold on this beautiful world was loosening. I had made a long, brave fight for life.

Poor mamma watched and tended me day after day; she had no heart for the sails, the rides, the laughter of her guests, since I could take no part with them. Early and late she strove to ease my pain, and papa strove to help her.

I would lie on my pillow beside her at night, and look out on the lonely sea, that seemed to lead so far, far away in the moonlight, and try to bear my pain and loneliness

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while mamma slept for a few brief hours; but sometimes, when the pain and loneliness grew too great to bear, I would touch her cheek softly with my little paw and give just the gentlest, saddest cry to waken her, for I could not even turn now without her help.

She would waken quickly and arise, and



strive with all her power to ease my suffering. Often she would take me in her arms, and go out and walk slowly with me, in the cool of the summer midnight. I loved to drag my little faltering steps to the lily-pond and the fountain, and moisten my parched throat with the sweet waters I loved so well. Or, again, to stand in the moonlight, under the great crimson-rambler roses by the stone

YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

well-house, and as their crimson shower of falling blossoms, shaken by the night winds, fell over my little fawn-like figure, like a sad prophecy, poor mamma's heart would ache, as though its own ruby drops were falling.

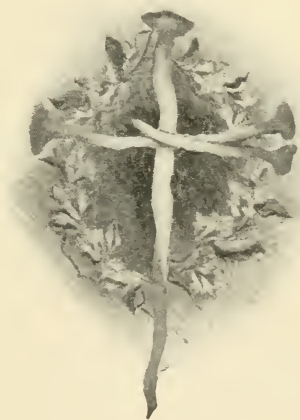
She had learned to love me so in the thir-



teen sweet years that my every heart-beat had been for her and papa, and the dear friends who had shown me affection. My wistful eyes strained long over every departure; my watchful, silken ears rose and fell at sound of every approaching footstep; my airy, dancing, caressing welcome was for every glad return.

YOURS WITH ALL MY HEART

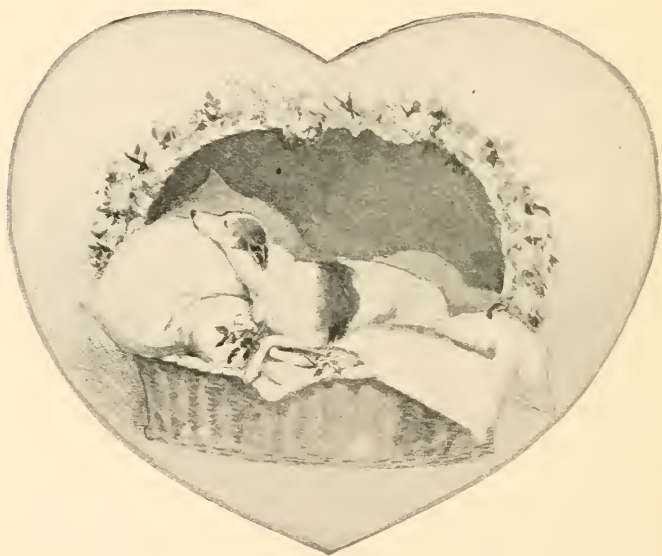
She thought, too, with sad foreboding, how, in the beginning of my illness, four blood-red, molten spikes, from the drift-wood fire, had fallen, welded in a perfect cross, on the hearth-stone of Island Haven, — could it presage the loss of my faithful, loving presence?



No, no, dear hearts! Love is immortal, if invisible. Although, in that beautiful Sabbath morning, when the rosy dawn was suffusing sea and sky, and rested like a benediction on the two homes, I folded my meek little fore paws over my snow-white breast, and looked with long, tender farewell into

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your tearful eyes, and my faithful spirit fluttered out into the Unknown Country, still, am I so far away? Can love like mine ever sleep the sleep of forgetfulness, or death? Will it not watch, and wait, and hope for you?



"Into the Unknown Country."

EPILOGUE

“Where does the true Shekinah shine?

Not far away. That Love doth brood

O'er lives the lowliest and most rude.

An angel's song, a bird-note clear,

Rise to the same all-listening ear.”

(*By Permission.*)

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

THAT little form was laid in her snow-white basket, whiter with interwoven flowers. Too beautiful, too dear, she seemed, to pass from sight, as they lowered her, on her bed of blossoms, by the long white ribbons to the pretty cedar house her dear doctor had builded with his own hands. Because she loved Sportum's house so well, he had builded it just like it, for he could not bear to see that lovely form laid in the common earth.

That little grave was lined with soft green ferns, and the twenty-four pitying guests of Island Haven gathered around, and each cast a mist-white amaranthus flower upon that fawn-like sleeper; one there was who

EPILOGUE

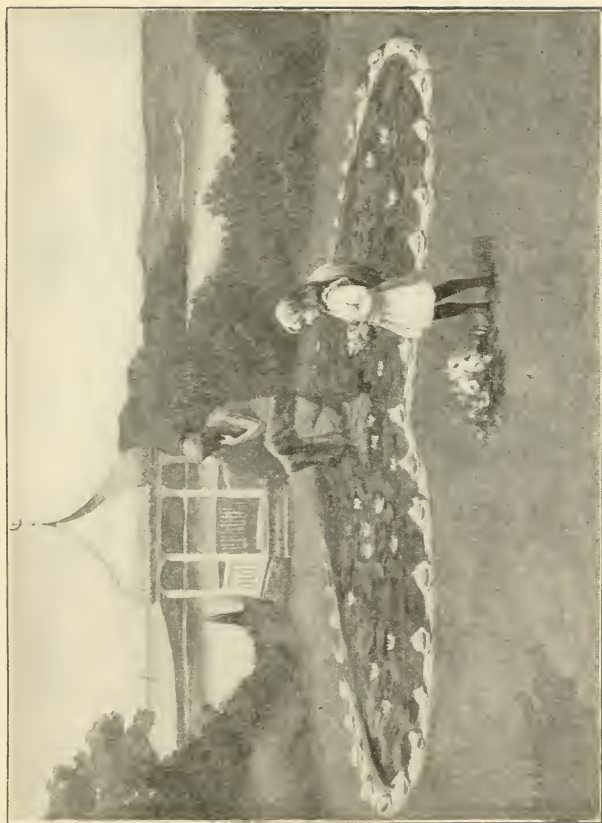
laid a sweet white rose in the little folded arms.

Then a real servant of God broke silence, and told how many of the noblest song-singers of this world had paid tribute to lives just like hers, — Byron, Scott, Browning, as well as later poets without number, whose hearts had been moved by the undying love and gratitude of some one of her humble race, when the friends of their own had turned false or cold.

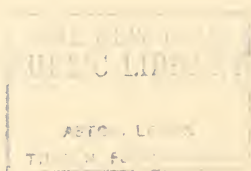
He closed with his own tender lines on her faithful life, as they laid her sleeping form to rest by the watching Hebe of the fountain, by the heart-shaped lily-pond, in the very spot where she had run so often with joyous feet to pose for a picture.

A fair-haired child stood there and wept with them, and many a day, from that hour to this, she has gathered the sweet wild flowers and laid the last pale roses of summer on that little grave.

From that day to this, that loving presence speaks to one heart through all God's gentle creatures; through all their soft, dark eyes look forth eyes softer, brighter still; every glad bird song sings to her of the great



"I laid the last pale roses of summer on that little grave."



EPILOGUE

all-encircling Heart, that holds and restores
all that is good and beautiful and true.

That gentle life bore its sweet mission
well. It taught all whose path it crossed
that love, and love alone, is invincible; for



by love alone it opened all hearts to itself;
it was all it had, — all it needed, to offer.

In those days of pain and suffering, who
can ever forget that brave example of pa-
tience, and perfect trust, and obedience;
how, in dying, the love-light shone forth
undimmed from those beautiful eyes, to the
last little fluttering sigh? Who can ponder

EPILOGUE

well and not be led to ask, whence cometh
and whither goeth this gentle life?

So, one who can never forget, listens to
the matin hymn of the tiny song-sparrow,
trilling forth so close beside that little
mound, and sees that dear name spring
forth in flowery tracery of sweet crocus
bloom, amid the soft green, above that little
grave, sleeping in the sunshine, and is com-
forted.

Fairy, dear little Fairy! He who created
thy faithful, loving heart, He who watcheth
against the sparrow's fall — will He not
watch over thee?



Fairy's Requiem

READ AT HER GRAVE BY THE AUTHOR

THE REVEREND ALAN HUDSON


OUR FRIEND AND GUEST ON THAT SAD DAY




“POOR gentle thing! thy life at last is ended,
Thy days of pain and weakness over — past;
With higher life thy little heart has blended,
While softly lies thy head beneath the grass.

“We place thee here beside the sunny fountain,
Where o’er thy head will blow the breath of
June;
The limpid waters thou did’st lap in often
Will murmur at thy grave their gentle tune.

“No sombre robe thy wounded breast shall
burden,
No long procession bear thee to the sod;
The flowers alone shall be thy loving guerdon.
The murmuring sea thy requiem to God.






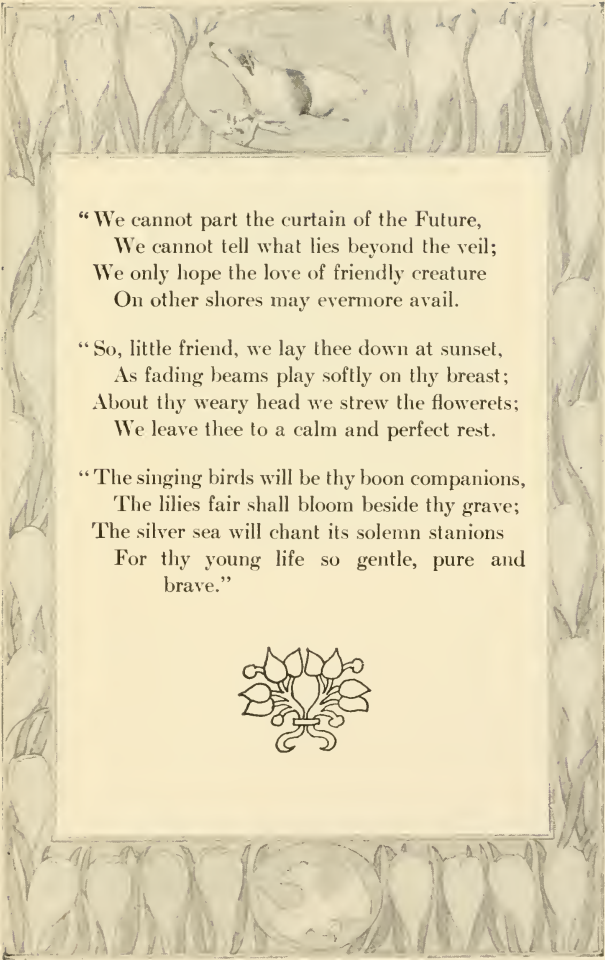
“Thy little life was like a summer blossom,
Unknown to men who passed thee idly by;
But hearts there were who stooped to learn
thy lesson
Of friendship, pure and constant as the sky.

“Thy love though humble never knew deception;
Thy tongue though speechless ne’er concealed a lie;
Thine eyes, as soft as tinted autumn lichen,
A truth revealed that was not born to die.

“O Thou who see’st the fall of sparrow wounded,
Whose hand in pity binds the bruised reed,
Teach us thy law in all creation grounded —
Unselfish love, the one and only creed.

“When human hearts deceive and round us
deaden,
When human lips our sacred trust betray,
Help us to stoop in humbleness unbidden
The love of lowly creature to essay.





“We cannot part the curtain of the Future,
We cannot tell what lies beyond the veil;
We only hope the love of friendly creature
On other shores may evermore avail.

“So, little friend, we lay thee down at sunset,
As fading beams play softly on thy breast;
About thy weary head we strew the flowerets;
We leave thee to a calm and perfect rest.

“The singing birds will be thy boon companions,
The lilies fair shall bloom beside thy grave;
The silver sea will chant its solemn stanions
For thy young life so gentle, pure and
brave.”





“ I CANNOT think thine all is buried here,
I said and sighed — the wind awoke and blew
The morning beam along the gossamer,
That floated o’er thy grave all wet with dew ;
A hint of better things, however slight,
Will feed a loving heart ; it soothed my woe,
To watch that little shaft of heavenly light
Pass o’er thee, moving gently to and fro.”

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

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